

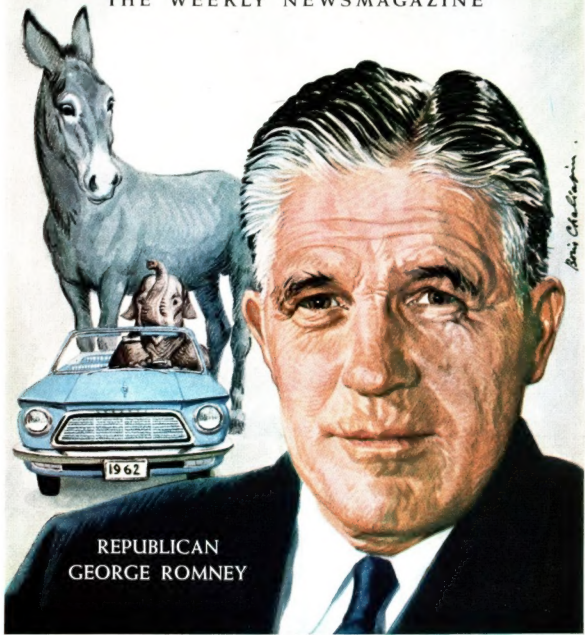
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 16, 1962

U.S. POLITICS: The Next Two Years

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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ALL NEW



ALL 'JEEP'



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The new 'Jeep' Wagoneer is the first station wagon ever built to offer the comfort, silence, speed and smoothness of a passenger car - plus the safety and traction of 4-wheel drive. It's the one family wagon you can drive almost anywhere, in almost any kind of weather.

The Wagoneer is the first and only 4-wheel drive wagon with optional automatic transmission and independent front suspension.

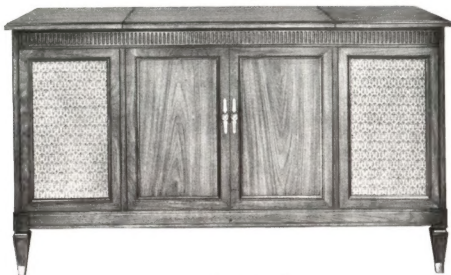
The 'Jeep' Wagoneer features the power and economy of America's first and only automotive overhead camshaft engine, the Tornado-OHC.

It has the most usable cargo space...both high and wide. The Wagoneer is also available in 2-wheel drive models. **Step in. Size it up. Try it out at your local 'Jeep' Dealer's today!**

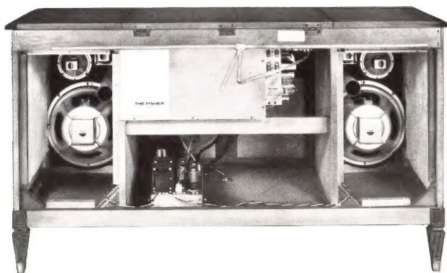


Willys Motors, world's largest manufacturer of 4-wheel drive vehicles, one of the growing Kaiser Industries.

Body



and soul



by Fisher.

This is the age of high fidelity. The faithful music lover in search of the ideal radio-phonograph is no longer content with merely the body beautiful. Not even when it's the magnificent body of a Fisher stereo console.

He may fall under the spell of Fisher's lavishly elegant French Provincial, Italian Provincial or modern cabinetetry... he may be drawn to the luxurious woods and finishes... but then he looks for the electronic essence. And in a Fisher he finds it.

Fisher is the only maker of stereophonic consoles who is at the same time a leading manufacturer of separate high fidelity components. These separate Fisher amplifiers, tuners and other components have been the

first choice of technically inclined sound enthusiasts and professional users since the dawn of the high fidelity era. And deep inside a Fisher stereo console you'll find nothing less than uncompromising adaptations of famous Fisher component designs.

The new Fisher Futura IV shown here is a perfect example. Its superb Italian Provincial walnut console houses six speakers, a 60-watt stereo power amplifier, a stereo control unit, an AM-FM-Multiplex tuner, and a four-speed automatic turntable with magnetic stereo cartridge and diamond stylus.

The 1963 Fisher stereo consoles come in 29 different models, styles and finishes, ranging in price from \$400 up to \$2,695.

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MANY A factory's "birthday" these days is by no means a happy occasion...for the passing years are not always kind to an industrial operation. Manpower can become increasingly hard to find and sometimes less productive when you find it. Markets once growing and close at hand can die on the vine or drift away. For a variety of reasons, more candles on the birthday cake don't necessarily mean more profits on the year-end report.

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NOV. 1962

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Billy Budd. Herman Melville's didactic tale has been transformed into a vivid, frightening, deeply affecting film, and for this the credit belongs principally to Britain's Peter Ustinov, who directed the picture, helped write the script, and plays one of the leading roles.

The Manchurian Candidate. In this self-consciously "different" movie about a posthypnotic political assassination, one G.I.'s brains are washed, tumble-dried and dyed Red in a Chinese P.W. camp, and he ends up stalking a U.S. presidential candidate with murderous intent. Frank Sinatra is a satisfactory U.S. Army officer and Laurence Harvey is glumly fascinating as the hypnotized killer.

Phaedra. Melina Mercouri purrs, snarls and shrieks impressively in this modern-day version of an old Greek myth. Raf Vallone, as her ship-tycoon husband is healthily Hellenic in a role with obvious overtones of Onassisism. Only Tony Perkins seems somewhat less than believable as Vallone's stepson.

The Longest Day. General Zannuck's war games are played off like cops and robbers. Day is three hours long, and while it is never boring, it is basically an episodic documentary.

Long Day's Journey into Night. Director Sidney Lumet and a generally effective cast (Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr., Dean Stockwell) have translated the truest and the greatest of Eugene O'Neill's plays into one of the year's finest films.

Barabbas. Thanks principally to the religious imagination of Scriptwriter Christopher Fry, this movie version of Pär Lagerkvist's novel is something better than the sort of Bible babble the movies usually purvey. It is a searching and sometimes illuminating interpretation of the character of the thief who lived that Christ might die.

Divorce—Italian Style. This wickedly hilarious lesson in how to break up a marriage in divorceless Italy stars Marcello Mastroianni as a Sicilian smoothie who sheds his unwanted wife in the only way the law seems to allow: he provides her with a lover, catches them together, shoots her dead. But then . . .

TELEVISION

Wed., Nov. 14

Discovery '62 (ABC, 4:30-4:55 p.m.)⁹
A nature study, a visit with Pianist Leonid Hambro and a trip to Barcelona, thoughtfully presented with children in mind.

Thurs., Nov. 15

Alcoa Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.)
Richard Conte in a drama of blindness and family passions.

Fri., Nov. 16

Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.)
Jonathan Winters, Gisele MacKenzie, Hans Conried and Bette Davis are guests.

Sat., Nov. 17

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.)
Chet Huntley tells the legend of Icarus.

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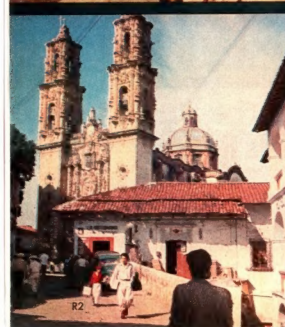
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R1



So near...and
yet so foreign—

Mexico



the De Pasquale string quartet plays, puppets talk about numbers, and an owl flies, to demonstrate principles of flight; for children 5-11.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A man seeks vengeance for the death of his wife and son in a Nazi concentration camp; featuring Ludwig Donath.

Sun., Nov. 18

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10:10-10:30 a.m.). *Brief Dynasty*, a ballet by John Butler with music by Robert Starer, tells in dance of the Biblical struggle between Saul and David.

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). A study of Albert Einstein's personal philosophy.

Opera (NBC, 2:30-4:30 p.m.). Season debut of the well-regarded NBC Opera Company in *Boris Godunov*, starring Giorgio Tozzi.

Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn demonstrate their theatrical genius by reading from phone books.

Howard K. Smith: News and Comment (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Comment on the week's news.

Mon., Nov. 19

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:10-10:30 p.m.). David examines discrimination against the 75,000 West Indians, Asians and Africans who live in Birmingham, England.

Tues., Nov. 20

Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Carol Burnett and Nat King Cole are guests.

THEATER

On Broadway

Beyond the Fringe is an explosion of literate joy. Its four high-IQ British imps skewer clichés and milk sacred cows for irreverent merriment. The chief scholar-clown, Dr. Jonathan Miller, is a droll, gravity-defying pixy for whom a new vocabulary of humor will have to be invented.

Tchin-Tchin has been adapted by Sidney Michaels from a French play by François Billeludoux. A wildly incompatible man and woman, betrayed by their respective spouses, meet to cut their emotional losses, and manage to lose everything else they have. At its core, the play is a Christian existential fable; on its surface it is a chiaroscuro of magical moods. Whenever the play is too fragile to carry them, its two stars, Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn, impressively carry the play.

Mr. President, with Robert Ryan in the title role and Nanette Fabray as First Lady, is the worst musical on Broadway, despite its impressive credits, but \$2,650,000 in advance ticket sales will make it as durable as a bad penny.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? by Edward Albee, is an annihilating war of love-hatred fought between a middle-aged history professor and his wife, in which a younger guest couple are also savaged. Arthur Hill, as the professor, raises acting to the level of genius, and Uta Hagen, as his wife, is a virtuoso Medusa.

The Affair makes a sleepy British university common room crackle with the charges and countercharges of a courtroom trial. Adapted from the novel by

C. P. Snow, this drama is concerned with justice for a man whose personality is revolting, and whose politics are scarcely less so.

Off Broadway

A Man's a Man, by Bertolt Brecht. In a music-hall saturnalia of honky-tonk pianos, white masks and silent movie captions, the late great German playwright fashioned a prophetically dramatic exercise in brainwashing. "One man is no man," comments Playwright Brecht in this mocking, 20th century lament for the death of the individual.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Renoir, My Father, by Jean Renoir. The quirky character of the great impressionist painter, fondly reported by his gifted son, makes this one of the best biographies of the year.

A Dancer in Darkness, by David Stacion. In this neo-Gothic retelling, an old and bloody tale—best known in John Webster's 16th century play, *The Duchess of Malfi*—becomes a great horror story.

Black Cargoes, by Daniel Mannix. A detailed account of the savage Atlantic slave trade, all the more gripping because carefully understated.

Chekhov, by Ernest J. Simmons. An occasionally overzealous but always impressive inquiry into the complex life of one of Russia's subtlest literary figures.

The Vizier's Elephant and Devil's Yard, both by Ivo Andric. In four short novels a Yugoslav Nobel prizewinner uses modern microcosm and historic parable to attack a timeless evil: tyranny.

Say Nothing, by James Hanley. An accomplished English novelist's brittle, savage account of the guilt-defying insecurity of three lives.

The Kindly Ones, by Anthony Powell. Further fascinating pages from the author's already fat but never fatuous notebook of English upper-class doings between the wars.

Images of Truth, by Glenway Wescott. A once well-known but now largely non-practicing U.S. novelist in lively discourse on the art of fiction and his fellow writers.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (1, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (4)
4. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler
5. **The Prize**, Wallace (3)
6. **Deeply Beloved**, Lindbergh (7)
7. **Where Love Has Gone**, Robbins (5)
8. **The Thin Red Line**, Jones (6)
9. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wook (8)
10. **The Reivers**, Faulkner (9)

NONFICTION

1. **Silent Spring**, Carson (1)
2. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (3)
3. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (4)
4. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (5)
5. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (2)
6. **Sex and the Single Girl**, Brown (16)
7. **The Blue Nile**, Moorhead (8)
8. **Who's in Charge Here?**, Gardner (7)
9. **Letters from the Earth**, Twain
10. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (9)



So near...and yet so foreign—

Mexico

Quite close at hand—just across the border, in fact—you can visit a land alluringly "foreign", with an infinite variety of things to see and do. Its name is Mexico.

You'll find many Mexicos, and you'll love each one of them. By the sea, you'll thrill to the Mexico of sparkling beaches and famed resorts. You'll swim year round beneath the sun or the moon of Acapulco, where the water's so mild you can swim at night...or go skin-diving...or perhaps even catch a sailfish from a boat chartered at rates to fit your vacation budget.

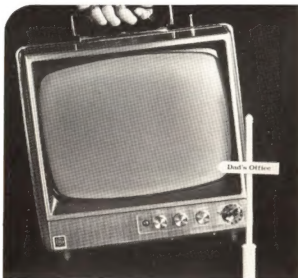
Then, too, you'll find the Mexico of the mountains. High up among them is Mexico City, a great world metropolis. Here you'll discover soaring modern buildings...floating gardens...bull-fights...night spots...theatres and the famous Folkloric Ballet. Fine restaurants will offer you delicious Mexican food—suave or caliente, mild or spicy—and international cuisine besides. Hotels? They're fabulous throughout Mexico. Some are ultra-modern, some were originally colonial places. You'll pay far less than you'd pay back home, and get wonderful attentive service in the bargain. The people of Mexico are naturally warm and hospitable, and will welcome you with open arms.

Like to explore a little? Look in your atlas for the map of Mexico—because a whole "other Mexico" awaits you. On the Gulf coast, Veracruz, Tampico, and the Isle of Cozumel. Merida in the Yucatan peninsula, and ancient Oaxaca. In the mountains, Taxco, Puebla, San Miguel Allende and colonial Guanajuato—historic cities and hide-away villages await you everywhere. You'll enjoy folk-dancing, and listen to the music of strolling mariachis. You'll shop at bargain prices for conversation piece ceramics, pottery, silver, jewelry and leather goods, in the shops and open-air markets....

And wherever you go, you'll sense the incredible past of the gracious, industrious Mexican people. Aztec, Toltec, Zapotec and Mayan monuments rise up on every hand. So, too, do magnificent Spanish buildings, and the breath-taking art and architecture of the dynamic Mexican present. So near, and yet so foreign...Mexico is everything you dreamed about, an unforgettable experience. More to see, to do, to do and to photograph than any other land. More to enjoy—and more to remember.

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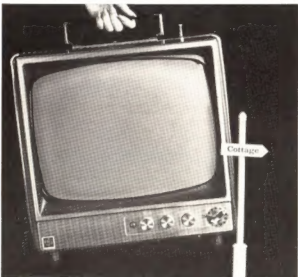


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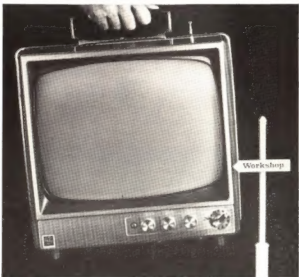


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To assure your full understanding and correct use of words, this new dictionary includes over 200,000 examples of word usage: quotations from classic sources such as Shakespeare and the Bible, and modern sources such as Churchill and Robert Frost.

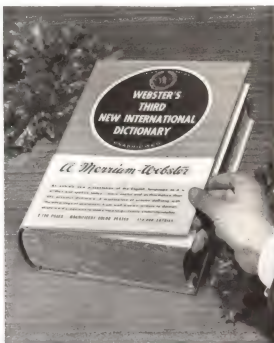
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LETTERS

The Beard & the Bear

Sir:

Congratulations on what must have been one of your most rapidly produced cover stories in history [Nov. 2].

Admiral George Anderson, with whom I have been privileged to be closely associated for the past several months, is indeed a giant among men. The confidence he instills in those around him in times of crisis is a sight to behold, and you have done our country a great service in giving your readers a chance to share our trust and confidence in him. Your coverage definitely caught the subtle but powerful implications of this classic use of sea power by a maritime nation in pursuit of an urgent foreign policy objective.

FRED KORTH
Secretary of the Navy

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Admiral Anderson has a worthy predecessor in his war on profanity, one who was equally adamant about "that unbecoming and abominable custom, swearing." His name was George Washington.

BECKY NOLAN

Purchase, N.Y.

Sir:

As an American citizen traveling in Anatolia last week, I realized the magnitude of President Kennedy's decision. In all the world, no country's destiny depends more on the outcome of that decision than does Turkey's. In spite of the implications of our official attitude toward Cuba now—our, probably, because of our stand—the Turks are ready to support our President to the utmost.

Standing up and saying "No!" to Khrushchev has done more for American prestige in this part of the world than 20 American spacemen landing on the moon. Turks—fiercely anti-Russian—have complete confidence in the wisdom of America's attitude toward Khrushchev and Castro.

HENRY ANGELO-CASTRILLON

Istanbul

Sir:

I am disgusted with those chest-thumping, flag-waving Americans. Tim included, who reacted to the Cuban "victory" as if it were a baseball pennant. Bravery is not an absence of fear but the ability to do what must be done even when afraid. Tim quoted David Heffernan as being able to hold his head up because of the blockade. It was necessary to blockade Cuba, but there is a difference between being right and being righteous. Would Heffernan hold his head up

even higher if, come war, we could kill 100 million Russians at a loss of only 50 million Americans?

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir:

Speaking of "restraint," it seems the World Council of Churches did not exercise much in expressing their "regret" about the U.S. quarantine of Cuba. They attacked President Kennedy's decision within 24 hours after it was announced.

The Rev. Dr. Fry's letter [Nov. 6], far from vindicating the W.C.C., shows that their action was, at best, rash. Their statement was issued "before there was any response from the Soviet Union or from Cuba."

In other words, the W.C.C. condemned the U.S. before Russia had a chance to admit that she had offensive missiles in Cuba.

HENRY L. YOUNG JR.

Atlanta

Sir:

The article "U.S. Bases Abroad" [Nov. 9] refers to Okinawa and says in part: "The U.S. holds its bases under an agreement with Japan that runs until 1970."

The U.S. gained the right to administer the Ryukyus as the result of the Japanese peace treaty signed in 1951. The treaty places no time limit on the U.S. administration of the islands. In President Kennedy's budget message to Congress for the fiscal year 1964, the President restated the U.S. position: "The U.S. will continue responsibility for the administration of the Ryukyu Islands as long as conditions of threat and tension in the Far East require maintenance of military bases in these islands."

ROBERT PROSSER
Editor

Morning Star
Okinawa, Ryukyu Islands

Sir:

After reading your article on the Cuban crisis [Nov. 2], we girls have one question: Just what kind of sandwich was House Democratic Whip Hale Boggs clashing when he was whisked back to Washington?

MARY ANN BUZINSKI
KATHY BEURET

South Bend, Ind.

► Roast beef on white toast.—Ed.

Unpeaceful Existence

Sir:

At a time when we in India are learning first-hand, though rather belatedly, the Chinese Communists' respect for peaceful co-

Hot 'n Cold 'n Handy

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ANYBODY



existence, it is encouraging to know from the U.S.'s action on Cuba that democracy has taken a decisive stand against international Communism.

Bombay

Sir

India stands exposed to the Communist interpretation of noninterference and peaceful coexistence. We should have been suspicious when the Chinese first started road-building on the borders. Instead of merely chanting the hymns of peace from atop the Himalayas hoping to enlighten Peking, we should have thrust the Chinese back right then with all our might without giving them time to strengthen their aggressive designs.

S. PRAKASH SINHA

Urbana, Ill

Sir

Serves Nehru right.

De Leon, Texas

Sir

We wish to clarify the information that you printed in the Nov. 2 issue concerning the evacuation of Baptist missionaries from Assam, India. Our missionaries have not left their places, nor have those of the Baptist General Conference of America (headquarters in Chicago) left their posts, which are located north of the Brahmaputra River. We and the Baptist General Conference have received cables from Assam, dated as late as Nov. 1, stating that all missionaries are at their places of service. Plans to cope with an emergency have been drawn up, but there is no necessity to use these plans as of Nov. 8.

(THE REV.) RICHARD CUMMINGS
American Baptist Foreign Mission Society
Valley Forge, Pa.

Stamp of Disapproval



London

Sir

It should be recorded that the outraged opposition within the committee to this grotesque vulgarity went unheeded by the Post Office Department. It (note I refuse to call it a design) repudiates all the art influence the committee is trying to use in its effort to improve U.S. stamp design.

NORMAN TODHUNTER
Stamp Advisory Committee
Gladstone, N.J.

Sir

I might as well slap a grocery-store trading stamp on my Christmas greeting-card envelope as disgrace it with that utterly tasteless, uninspired label offered.

In protest I am going to buy nothing but sheaves of one-cent stamps to put three on my unsold envelopes.

San Diego

In Defense of Steinbeck

Sir

Only a few months ago I read some of Steinbeck's books. I was deeply moved by *The Grapes of Wrath* and delighted by *Can-*

F. DAN GONSALVES

DAN G. KENT

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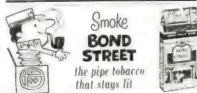
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Right: The KENMOOR, 93605; long wing leather-lined blucher with storm welt in brown genuine cordovan; 92612 in black cordovan; 93602 in brown hand-stained cashmere calf; 92604 in black, \$31.95.

new Rotz. Probably compassion, humor and good characterization are unsophisticated or passé to the writer of your Steinbeck article (Nov. 21, but a few of us still enjoy them. There are also some of us, incredibly enough, who do not worship at the shrine of Hemingway.

(MRS.) FRANCES DAVIDS
State College, Pa.

Sir:
In your completely unjustifiable tirade against Novelist John Steinbeck you fail to mention his major work *East of Eden*, which, alone, justifies his choice as recipient of the 1962 Nobel Prize for Literature.

Surely the fact that *The Grapes of Wrath* has survived its time and place, together with the fact that his books have been translated into 33 foreign languages is proof enough that Steinbeck's work has the power and popularity that very few of the other American winners have been privileged to enjoy.

REG GUSH
Ranger

Mkuzi Game Reserve
Zululand, South Africa

Sir:
There is nothing good to say of John Steinbeck and stresses his "flawed talent." What talent or genius is not flawed? Even Shakespeare is full of flaws.

(MRS.) ROSAMOND C. MOREHOUSE
Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

Worth the Price

Sir:
Many thanks for the wonderfully succinct article on Artist Andrew Wyeth (Nov. 21). His statements—so direct and forceful—are unchallengeable.

Whatever the price paid for a Wyeth, the collector gets his money's worth.

LAURENCE R. WEBSTER
Ashland, Mass.

Sir:
I know of all the magazine pages I have turned and looked at and read I have for the first time seen something I most truly want—one of Andrew Wyeth's paintings. Thank you for these two small reproductions.

(MRS.) SALLY BURRILL
Eastham, Mass.

Sir:
How I envy the janitor or the gallery cat that might slip in and read I have for the first time seen something I most truly want—one of Andrew Wyeth's paintings. Thank you for these two small reproductions.

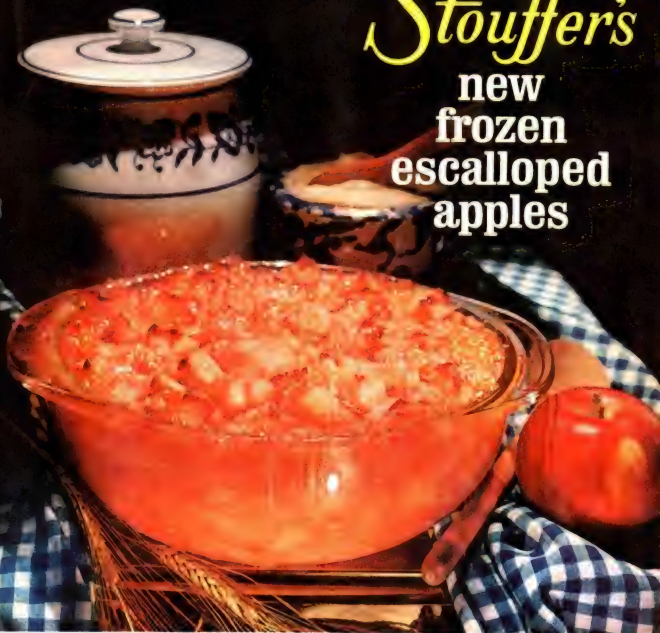
For Andrew Wyeth—America's poet painter—whose every brush stroke defines the poignancy of man's condition, comforts him in turn with beauty wrought from dried grass and chilling winds.

MARY RISCH
Connersville, Ind.

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THE NATION

ELECTIONS

The Crowded Middle

Democratic enthusiasts claimed victory—they called it "commanding," "massive," "smashing" and "a landslide." Some landslide. In arithmetical terms the off-year elections of 1962 were almost a standoff. And in their portent to U.S. politics for the next two years, they meant difficult legislative going for the Democratic Kennedy Administration and the

had held. This certainly was a victory, but it didn't make much difference to the legislative future. The results merely increased the already lopsided Democratic Senate majority to 68-32; and the performance of the 87th Congress showed that a big Democratic majority does not necessarily mean clear sailing for New Frontier legislation.

• **THE HOUSE.** Republicans had hoped to pick up from 15 to 20 seats—not nearly enough to take control of the House. On the other hand, President Kennedy had campaigned as no President before him for Democratic Congressional candidates.

Democrats broke into traditional Republican strongholds in New England; Republicans made their best showing since Reconstruction in the South. In a dozen states, the voters split almost down the center of the party dividing line; rarely before in U.S. political history had there been elections in which so many Republican and Democratic candidates were separated by so few votes.

The only issue that seemed to make much difference was Cuba—and that issue certainly redounded to the Democrats. Of all Republican candidates, Indiana's Republican Senator Homer Capehart, Cali-



KENNEDY



ROCKEFELLER



ROMNEY



SCRANTON

He argued that a Democratic gain would ensure passage of his programs. He failed to get that gain. Instead, the Democrats will have four fewer seats than they had before the election. The House line-up in the 88th Congress will be 250 Democrats and 176 Republicans. The same conservative Democratic committee chairmen who resisted the New Frontier before will still be there. On the record of the 87th Congress, that spells legislative problems for the New Frontier.

Across the U.S., extremists of both the right and the left suffered. The middle of the road—or perhaps its slightly conservative lane—was crowded. The message of that conservative consensus, the mandate that it seemed to have picked up from the voters, was: the Federal Government should do less at home, in the way of welfare projects, and more abroad, in the act of fighting Communism.

Ticket splitting was the rule. California, for example, elected a Democratic Governor and a Republican Senator; Pennsylvania, Ohio and Oklahoma did just the opposite, choosing Republican Governors and Democratic Senators.

formia's Gubernatorial Hopeful Richard Nixon, Pennsylvania's Senate Candidate James Van Zandt and Minnesota's Veteran Representative Walter Judd had been arguing hardest and longest for a tough U.S. policy toward Cuba. President Kennedy took the issue away from them—and all four lost.

Many Democrats took great comfort in the fact that they had held down the losses ordinarily expected of the party in White House power during off-year elections. But that political cliché was not relevant to 1962; among other things, Democrats had lost 21 congressional seats even while Kennedy was winning in 1960; they therefore had fewer to lose this year. And downright disturbing to the Democratic future were the Republican gubernatorial wins in the big industrial states. That fact was acutely recognized by John Kennedy and the pragmatic politicians who surround him in the White House. Perhaps the best summary of the 1962 elections was uttered by a Kennedy aide. "The big states! he groaned as he studied the returns. "The big states! The big states!"

possibility of real trouble in 1964. The overall results:

• **GOVERNORS.** Numerically it was a draw. With some races so close that the official results might not be known for weeks, it appeared that Democrats had taken over six chairs previously held by Republicans; it also seemed that Republicans had won six Democratic seats. But Republicans tallied their great triumphs in the big industrial states—New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The G.O.P. winners in three of these states automatically became presidential factors. By handsomely winning re-election in New York, Nelson Rockefeller stood as the front runner for his party's 1964 nomination. If Rocky slips, Michigan's George Romney and Pennsylvania's William Scranton could move to the forefront.

• **THE SENATE.** Democrats dropped two seats they had held in the 87th Congress—but they picked up six that Republicans

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Continuing Crisis

Cuba was still there. So was Communist Castro. And there was as yet no positive, on-site assurance that all the offensive weapons provided by Russia had been removed. Thus, although it tended to get lost in the election-week headlines, Cuba remained a continuing crisis.

Snooping low over the island, U.S. Air Force RF-101 jets and Navy FSU reconnaissance planes returned with pictures indicating that the Russians were dismantling their Cuban missile bases as prom-

to tell Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan that he would never submit to such inspection.

The U.S. was also becoming increasingly worried about the estimated 70 B-28 "Beagle" jet bombers that had been shipped into Cuba by the Soviet Union. Armed with nuclear bombs, the planes have a combat radius of 750 miles—far enough to reach New Orleans, Montgomery, Ala., and Charleston, S.C. The Administration last week was telling the Russians at the U.N. that the planes must go, along with the missiles. But the Russians blandly said that the bombers



HOMEWARD-BOUND RUSSIAN FREIGHTER WITH MISSILE CARGO
Behind them they left Castro, Communism and doubt.

ised. When subsequent pictures showed missiles being hurriedly loaded aboard nine Soviet freighters, the Department of Defense confidently announced that "the U.S. Government has confirmed that medium-range ballistic-missile and intermediate-range ballistic-missile equipment is being removed from Cuba."

Bomber Threat. The next day, according to an agreement quietly worked out by the U.S. and Russia, there occurred in the seas off Cuba one of the strangest scenes in maritime history. U.S. warships pulled up alongside homeward-bound Soviet freighters while Russian crewmen obediently pulled back the canvas wrappings that covered the long, cylindrical objects on the decks. Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester declared that "responsible people of this Government" were convinced that the ships were indeed carrying missiles back to the Soviet Union.

Originally, President Kennedy had insisted that inspectors must be permitted to enter Cuba to oversee the dismantling of the Soviet missiles. And last week, spokesmen for the Kennedy Administration still pledged that the U.S. would at least insist upon U.N. "presence" in Cuba to seek out any remaining Soviet missiles. But in Cuba, Castro reportedly continued

were Cuban property, and Castro vowed they would never be returned.

Need to Know. As the fog of talk grew thicker the U.S. Navy announced that its ships recently had detected and followed Soviet submarines in the Caribbean and the Atlantic until they surfaced. The subs were allowed to go peacefully on their way. Although the U.S. military buildup continued, the Administration, as far as anyone on the outside knew, had put no strong pressure on the Soviet Union by insisting that U.N. inspectors be allowed into Cuba by a specified deadline—or else. To many, this tolerant attitude suggested that Kennedy may have struck some kind of understanding with Khrushchev in some of their still-secret correspondence. Top Administration officials vehemently denied any such deal, beyond the no-invasion pledge in return for the missile removal.

But there remained the fateful fact of a number of communications between the U.S. and a foreign power on which the U.S. people had not been given the details. These might contain further terms of the contract to which each ruler had committed his country. If so, the sooner the President made them public, the better for him and his nation.

REPUBLICANS

The Citizen's Candidate

[See Cover]

The father of the compact car got up and dressed at 6 a.m. Usually he takes a pre-breakfast jog around the grounds of suburban Detroit's Bloomfield Hills Country Club, which is adjacent to his \$100,000 contemporary home. At the very least, he plays a fast game of "compact golf"—six holes, three balls. But on this particular morning, he and his wife Lenore hurried over to the polling place—to vote for George Wilcken Romney, 55, Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan. Many a politician might then have rewarded himself with a well-deserved rest on the day of days. But not Romney, a man of depthless energy and evangelical fervor about everything that engages his interest. On Election Day 1962, Romney went out campaigning.

He flew to Lansing to help dramatize the G.O.P. get-out-the-vote drive. There he baby-sat for a mother who could not otherwise leave her three children to go out and vote. (She went straight Republican.) Then he flew to Bay City, marched up and down Washington Avenue, stopped off at a garment factory to shake the hands of the women workers, got back into his plane to head for a round of electioneering in Port Huron. In that city, he slid behind the wheel of a new Rambler and chauffeured a 75-year-old spinster to the polls. On the way, Salesman Romney asked his passenger if she had ever before been in a Rambler. "No," said she with a twinkle. "but I've done quite a bit of rambling in my life."

Keeping Company. She voted for Romney. So did 1,410,000 other Michigan voters—a sizable segment of whom had felt the grip of the man's hand, seen the lean, jut-jawed face and the fire in the light hazel eyes—and heard his message about citizens' participation in government. All together, those voters, and those personal qualities, helped Romney defeat Governor John B. Swainson by some 78,000 votes—thereby ending a 14-year Democratic dynasty in Michigan.

No sooner was the outcome known than Romney became a major Republican presidential possibility for 1964. Come what may, he will be a force in national G.O.P. politics for at least the next few years. In that sense, he finds himself in the company of two other big Republican winners.

• Pennsylvania's Representative William Scranton, 43, who was elected Governor over Philadelphia's former Mayor Richard Dilworth by 470,000 votes. Scranton (TIMK cover, Oct. 10), who matched Dilworth insult for insult in one of the most savage campaigns in recent U.S. history, cut deeply into the Democratic fortress of Philadelphia, won ordinary Democratic Allegheny County (Pittsburgh) by 52,000 votes. With a Republican legislature to help him, plus patronage powers that will give him control of 50,000 state jobs, Scranton awoke on the morning after Election Day as a Republican really to

he reckoned with. So desperate is Pennsylvania's economic condition that Scranton can hardly help improving things. An admirer of New York's Governor Rockefeller, Scranton pooh-poohs all suggestions that he himself might seek the nomination. But it could happen.

• Rockefeller remains by every standard the front runner for the Republican nomination in '64. Last week he won reelection as Governor by 518,000 votes over U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau, about as pitiable a candidate as any party ever put up for office in a major state. Because this plurality was down from Rocky's 573,000-vote margin over Averell Harriman in 1958, many analysts argued that he had suffered a loss of prestige. Yet, in fact, he not only survived the handicaps of a tax increase and a divorce from his wife of 32 years, but took 53.6% of the total vote, nearly equaling his 1958 percentage. Among Rocky's major assets for the 1964 presidential nomination: he is one Republican who acts as if he thinks he can beat Jack Kennedy.

The Schizophrenic State. Michigan's Romney denies any presidential pretensions. Yet whether he likes it or not—and he is not the sort to stay awake nights worrying about it—Romney will certainly be talked about, along with Rocky and Scranton. More important, he is an activist Republican whose views will certainly be a major influence upon the national Republican Party.

In the 14 years that Michigan Democrats held the Governor's chair (twelve under "Soapy" Williams, two under Swainson), Michigan's economy went to pot, largely as a result of political schizophrenia. On one side were the Democrats monolithically supported by the United Auto Workers and other unions. On the other side was the rural-dominated state legislature, a kind of feudal barony perpetuated by malapportionment and chartered by an antiquated state constitution. Over the years, the bickering and battling between the two sides put Michigan \$84.6 million into debt. Auto companies began building new assembly plants in other states; the population explosion and the absence of industrial diversification added further economic headaches. Michigan was ripe for change.

Selling Power. George Romney had experience in the business of change. Back in the '50s, while the Big Three auto companies patiently explained that the U.S. could not market a small family car to compete with European imports, American Motors President Romney led a lone revolution, put over the Rambler with such success that it revitalized his floundering company and forced the automotive giants of Detroit to bring out their own compacts. Romney sold the idea—and he is a super salesman. He went out on the road in a crusade against the "gas-guzzling dinosaurs" in the big-car field. That was the same sort of zeal that he applied to politics.

Borrowing a line from a well-known Democrat, Romney set out to "get this state moving again." He called for citizen

participation at all levels of government—and with it an end to the "monopoly" of power groups, whether of the left center or right. He developed a theory, similar to that of the University of Chicago's late Professor Henry Simons, that the overwhelming power of great corporations, pitted against that of big unions, serves only to enlarge the power and size of the Federal Government, which must regulate both forces, Michigan, he insisted, needed a leader who could rise above the pressure politics of special-interest groups and put an end to partisan wrangling. "The individual," he cried, "is

and demanded to be heard. More than once, he was sent away. At last union leaders decided that they were getting a reputation for undemocratic attitudes. After that they sent Romney invitations, and he did not hesitate to appear and preach his gospel.

In the end, Romney won because he appeared to be a prophet at a time when Michigan desperately needed one. His victory was one of charisma, that indefinable quality of leadership, force and spiritual magnetism that defies put explanations. The fact that he is a Mormon—and president of the Detroit Stake (district) of



GOVERNOR-ELECT ROMNEY WITH WIFE & DAUGHTERS
Quite a bit of rambling.

being engulfed in vast organizations and power groups."

"That's What's Wrong," Romney tore through Michigan on his people-to-people campaign, propelled like a man with a divine mission. He drove 37,000 miles, flew 13,000 more, knocked on 2,000 doors, shook more than 100,000 hands at factories, shopping centers and meetings. He tried not to label himself a Republican. None of his campaign literature identified his party. When pressed, he said: "I'm a citizen who is a Republican, not a Republican who is incidentally a citizen."

He rode a variety of comic animals, slid down a fireman's pole, peeled potatoes and performed the thousand other idiosyncrasies expected of a candidate. He accosted people on the street, poked a finger into their chests and told them what he thought about politics. Once he walked up to a man and asked him to shake hands. The fellow refused. A crowd gathered. Romney challenged him once more, and still the man declined. Roared Romney as the man stalked away: "See what I mean about partisanship? This man won't even shake hands with me! This is what's wrong with Michigan!" More than once he turned up uninvited at labor gatherings

the Mormon church—had much to do with it. For devout Mormons count as cardinal principles of their religion individual responsibility and dedication to public service.

Sopbox Missionary. Romney was born in Mexico. His grandfather, who had four wives, fled across the border from Arizona in 1885 to avoid antipolygamy laws in the U.S. But Romney's father was a monogamist, and brought his family back to the States when George was five.* George studied for a year at the Latter-day Saints Junior College in Salt Lake City, in 1927 went to England and Scotland as a Mormon missionary. There he got his first experience in public speaking, preaching from a soapbox in London's Hyde Park. Returning after two years, he got in some more schooling at the University of Utah and at George Washington University, went to work in Washington

© His Mexican birth has raised some questions about Romney's constitutional qualifications for the presidency. Article Two of the Constitution specifies that only a "natural-born citizen" is eligible. Some legal authorities say that this means only those born in U.S. soil, but a law enacted by the first Congress, in 1790 stipulated that children born of U.S. citizens beyond the boundaries of the country "shall be considered as natural-born citizens of the U.S."

as a tariff specialist for Massachusetts' Democratic Senator David Walsh. In the 1930s, he was a lobbyist for the aluminum industry; in 1939 he became Detroit manager of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, and during the war he helped to organize the Automotive Council for War Production. In 1948 he joined Nash-Kelvinator—fore-runner of American Motors—as assistant to the chairman, took over the presidency of the company in 1954.

From 1956 to 1959, Romney was chairman of the Detroit Citizens Advisory Committee on School Needs, brought together divergent views of all segments of the community. The committee submitted 182 proposals to the board of education. All but a few of them have since been incorporated into the Detroit school system. That success led in 1959 to the idea that perhaps Michigan's economic troubles could be cured by a nonpartisan "citizen's approach." Romney discussed it with friends, brought together a group of Michigan leaders (including Ford Motor Co.'s Robert McNamara, now Secretary of Defense), and by June of that year had formed a 300-man group called "Citizens for Michigan."

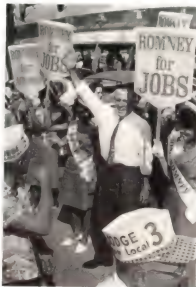
How to Get Along. From that came the organization of Michigan's Constitutional Convention—popularly known as the "Con-Con." It was meant to modernize the state's preposterously out-of-date constitution, and Romney was the unquestioned leader of the conclave. But very soon it was a wide-open secret that Romney meant to run for Governor, and in due course the convention bogged down in partisan politics. Romney was forced to make concessions to ultraconservative rural Republicans—and even if he hadn't, Democratic delegates would have found political cause for criticism. As a result, in running for Governor, Romney's main problem was answering charges that he would be subservient to the "Neanderthals" who continue to dominate the state legislature. Said Romney: "If men are treated like Neanderthals, they respond like Neanderthals. I'll get along with them."

He may at that. For Romney is far from being a corporate politician. His politics, he believes, are neither liberal nor conservative nor moderate. He is an anti-organization man. "I believe in the deathless freedom of the individual," he said during the campaign, "and the sacred right of individual choice. I believe that these basic fundamental freedoms of individuality are in imminent danger of being smothered within the drift of our social, economic and political institutions toward impersonal organization control. I believe that one of the greatest dangers in our society comes from the concentration of excessive power in business, in unions, in the Federal Government. I am convinced Michigan is about to see a bold new dimension in public affairs: the return of their state government to genuine citizens' control."

Within that philosophical framework, Romney struck some specifics. He was

against the "excess concentration of power" that arises from industry-wide collective bargaining. He opposed businessmen who organize politically "as businessmen" to fight unions. He argued for the reestablishment of the independence of state governments: "I don't talk about states' rights; I talk about state responsibilities." He criticized the G.O.P. as being identified "too much as a business party."

Destiny and Decision. Romney ran his own campaign in his own way. Recalls a Romney aide: "Whatever heights and depths our campaign reached were a result of George Romney and no one else. Sometimes we'd sit there in horror listening to a new idea from George. Then we'd all try to dissuade him. Sometimes it worked. But most of the time he'd say, 'Well, you're all very persuasive, but this is the way I'm going to do it. We've



ROMNEY CAMPAIGNING
Experience in the business of change.

been tied to traditional methods too long."

Romney is an untraditional sort of politician, with a deep sense of divinely guided destiny. He prayed and fasted for 24 hours last February before announcing his candidacy for Governor. "I have a very simple formula for reaching decisions," he explained. "First, I diligently search out the pertinent facts. This means getting the viewpoints of others. The second step is prayer. I believe firmly in prayer. I believe that if we want to make decisions as wisely as possible, we can get much help through prayer."

Pressure Points. Believing that Romney takes poorly to mortal criticism. "He is compulsively good," says a friend, "and compulsively right. He finds it so hard to be wrong, that when he is, he convinces himself that he isn't." Romney's temper is both famed and feared—yet, so far in his brief political career, he has generally managed to control it. Once, after a bitter debate at Con-Con, when Democrats im-

pugned his motives, Romney returned home for the weekend, and that Sunday delivered an impassioned sermon at the Bloomfield Hills Mormon Church. He climaxed it with a quotation from *Othello*: "Who steals my purse steals trash . . . 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands—But he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed."

Again, during the arduous gubernatorial campaign, Romney visited the office of the Detroit Free Press to submit to a group interview. During that session, he hotly accused a Free Press reporter of prejudice against him. That was too much for Managing Editor Frank Angelo, a Romney admirer, who jumped to his feet and cried: "That's a goddamned lie, George." Retorted Romney: "The hell it is." He spun on his heel and headed out. Then he regained control, returned and submitted to more questioning.

"I Can So." For the next two years, George Romney's performance as Governor of Michigan is going to be watched with eagle eye by politicians of both parties. Whether he likes it or not, Romney will be thought of and talked of in presidential terms. Despite his denial of White House ambitions, he does not slam the door. "There is a remote possibility," he says, "that either of two things would happen—that the problems of Michigan can be sufficiently dealt with in the two-year period to feel that the responsibility there has been completed or discharged, and that someone who is not actively a presidential candidate would become a candidate."

That "someone" would be George Romney. Years ago, in Salt Lake City, Romney's younger brother Charles—who was born shortly after the family returned from Mexico—could always get a rise out of George by saying: "I'm the only Romney who can be President, because I was born in this country." Invariably George Romney cried out: "That's not so. My mother and father were citizens, and I can so be President!"

Maybe he can. But for the moment, and for the next two years, his importance will lie in how he revitalizes Michigan and what he can do to reshape the G.O.P. so as to meet his own prescription for it as a national party dominated by citizens without regard to special interests.

THE HOUSE New Faces

After all the hueing and crying, there will only be 67 new faces among the 435 of the 88th Congress. And only one truly big-name Congressman failed to win reelection.

The big casualty was ten-term Minnesota Republican Walter Judd. Perhaps the most respected G.O.P. foreign policy voice in the House, Judd fell victim to the cold arithmetic of the gerrymander. His Minneapolis district had been enlarged to take in all of Minneapolis, rather than just his old Republican wards. In a record off-year vote, Judd led in his old

district by 10,860 votes. But in the added wards, he trailed by 16,097. The man who beat him was State Senator Don Fraser, 38, a New Frontier liberal in the tradition of Senator Hubert Humphrey, who campaigned for him, and ex-Governor Orville Freeman, his former law partner.

In California, three archconservatives lost, partly because of redistricting. Gordon McDonough, an 18-year veteran, found that a Democratic voting advantage of some 47,000 in his new downtown Los Angeles district was too much to overcome; he lost by nearly 17,000 votes to Los Angeles Councilman Edward Royhal, a liberal who plugged medicare. In a swirl of libel suits, the bitter campaign of Republican Edgar Hiestand and Los Angeles Councilman Everett Burkhalter centered around Hiestand's membership in the John Birch Society. Hiestand lost. Another Birchier, smooth-talking Republican John Rousselet, also found the society plus a new district a politically fatal combination, succumbed to Assemblyman Ronald Brooks Cameron.

Six to One. There were seven races in which Democratic and Republican incumbents faced one another because of redrawn district lines. In only one of them did a Republican lose. He was Pennsylvania's Ivor Fenton, a 24-year veteran, dean of the state's G.O.P. delegation. At 73, Fenton simply was not as articulate or as agile on the stump as Democrat George Rhodes, 64, a liberal who will be starting his 15th year in the House. The six Democrats sidelined by Republican incumbents were Massachusetts' Thomas Lane, North Carolina's Paul Kitchen, Kansas' J. Floyd Breeding, Illinois' Peter F. Mack Jr., West Virginia's Cleveland Bailey and New York's Alfred Santangelo.

Lane, who served a four-month prison term in 1956 for income tax evasion, campaigned on the theme "President Kennedy needs Congressman Lane." He was outtalked and outworked by hustling Bradford Morse, a Republican who often votes like a Democrat. Kitchen ran up against popular Charles R. Jonas, who cultivates his constituents the year round with cookbooks, letters and palm squeezings. Lone Republican in North Carolina's delegation in the 87th Congress, Jonas will have company in the 88th: Republican James Broyhill ousted incumbent Democratic Congressman Hugh Alexander.

Breeding's defeat in a huge new Kansas district could be laid mainly to the

fact that he championed Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman's farm policies. He was also hurt by a campaign visit from Harry Truman, who declared to one audience that "farmers are the most ungrateful people in the world." Republican Bob Dole damned the Freeman program, won 21 rural counties in Breeding's old district.

Mack, a seven-term Congressman who had survived a G.O.P. gerrymander a decade ago, found his twelve new rural Illinois counties too much ground to cover, lost to freshman Republican Paul Findley. West Virginians seemed to resent all the outside help received by Bailey, an eight-term, including stumping by Kennedy and Truman. They rallied behind underdog Arch Moore Jr., 39, to give him a 32,000-vote victory despite a 51,000 Democratic registration edge. Santangelo's East Harlem district was knocked out by the legislature, and he never had much chance of dislodging five-term Republican Paul A. Fino in The Bronx.

The Ailing. Physical and ethical ailments caused turnouts in some districts. California's Dalip Sandu, a native of India, suffered a stroke, could not campaign



TAFT Fraser
But much the same as before.

The Comers. The 67 newcomers include several worth watching. Among the Republicans, former New York Herald Tribune Editor Ogden R. Reid proved to be a rousing vote getter in New York's Westchester County, buried New Rochelle's Mayor Stanley Church by a record plurality. Ohio's Robert Taft Jr., majority leader of the Ohio house and son of the late Senator, swamped Cleveland's inept Richard D. Kennedy to win an at-large seat. Utah unveiled a bright newcomer in Sherman P. Lloyd, 48, a talented Utah state senator, who clobbered Liberal Bruce Jenkins, Florida's Ed Gurney appeared attractive on television, ran as a genuine conservative to win over Democrat John Sutton in the Cape Canaveral area.

Among Democrats, Michigan's Neil Staebler ran a back-breaking campaign lured former G.O.P. Congressman Alvin Bentley into reckless remarks in face-to-face debate, won an at-large seat despite the Romney tide. New York's Samuel Stratton, who tried unsuccessfully for the gubernatorial nomination, scored an upset victory in a Republican-gerrymandered district. California's Gus Hawkins, 55, a 28-year veteran of the state assembly and a New Frontiersman, became the first Negro from west of the Rockies to reach the House. He defeated another Negro, Republican Herman T. Smith, 47, in a Los Angeles district that is 70% Negro.

And after it was all over, the political makeup of the House remained much the same as before.

THE STATES

New England's Lesson

Teddy Kennedy, yes, "Chub" Peabody maybe. But who was Phil Hoff? Or John King? Or Tom McIntyre?

On Nov. 5, such names had no faces to most of the U.S. But in last week's elections, the nobodies became the somebodies who helped the Democratic Party score major breakthroughs across New England. Some won only by a flicker—and even then the results might be changed by recounts. In most instances, an argument could be made that local situations outweighed national or even regional trends. But the fact remained that New England's voting was a cause for Democratic rejoicing and G.O.P. gloom.

Republican Rancor. In Massachusetts, Teddy Kennedy's rout of George Cabot Lodge was perfectly predictable. Far less



GURNEY Reid
New names.

at all, was beaten by Minor Martin, a former University of California football player. Texas Democrat J. T. ("Slick") Rutherford had accepted a \$1,500 "campaign contribution" from Billie Sol Estes; he was done in by Republican Ed Foreman. Washington's five-term Democrat Don Magnuson (no kin to Senator Warren Magnuson) had been hurt by drinking, driving and marital problems. He was defeated by the G.O.P.'s Bill Stinson, 42, a salesman seeking office for the first time. A federal indictment for trying to influence a mail fraud case was too great a handicap for Maryland's Thomas Johnson, who was unseated by Rogers Morton, strapping younger brother of Kentucky's victorious Senator Thurston Morton.

Ohio's anti-Di Salle vote swept Robert E. Cook out of office and brought in a mother-son team. Cook was beaten by Republican Oliver Payne Bolton, 45, a wealthy Cleveland-area publisher whose mother, Frances Payne Bolton, 77, was re-elected to her twelfth full term. A shift toward the right in Utah dislodged M. Blaine Peterson, who plugged the welfare state and was replaced by Professor Laurence J. Burton, 35, who attacked big Government and big taxes.



BROYHILL Stratton
New districts.

so was Peabody's apparent win over Republican Governor John A. Volpe. In Connecticut, former Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Abraham Ribicoff, long touted as the greatest Democratic vote getter in the state's history, had his troubles beating Republican Representative Horace Seely-Brown Jr. in the senatorial race. Ex-Governor Ribicoff ran far behind his ticket mate, Democratic Governor John Dempsey, who appealed to the voters to "please give me your prayers." Dempsey's Republican opponent, Insurance Man John Alsop, made a point of telling campaign audiences about Dempsey's wonderful smile—while warning them not to believe in it. As it turned out, they liked the smile.

New Hampshire Republicans were hopelessly split and the results were disastrous. Defeated in his party's primary, Republican Governor Wesley Powell denounced the winner, State Representative John Pillsbury. Last week Powell's stubborn stand contributed to the defeat of "Big John" (6 ft. 4 in.) Pillsbury at the hands of "Little John" (5 ft. 9 in.) King, 44, minority leader of the state's house of representatives. Republican factionalism spilled over into the race to fill the Senate seat of the late Styles Bridges. In the primary, Widow Doloris Bridges fought bitterly before losing to able U.S. Representative Perkins Bass who ended up with so little support that he lost last week to Democrat Thomas McIntyre, 47, former mayor of Laconia.

Democratic Dander. But the real shocker came in Vermont. There, unless a recount changes the result, a Democrat was elected Governor for the first time in 108 years. He was State Representative Philip H. Hoff, 38, who made a strong campaign plea for Vermonters to bring an end to decades of "one-party government." His opponent, Governor F. Ray Keyser, 35, was too conservative even for Vermont tastes. And Hoff was helped by an attractive family that campaigned enthusiastically for him—one of his four daughters actually stomped on Keyser's foot in a painful display of partisanship.

All of New England's Democratic winners were strong supporters of President Kennedy, and there could be no doubt that his personal popularity in his native region contributed to his party's sweep. But the real lesson lay in the fact that New England was ready for some fresh young political faces—and Democrats offered more of them than Republicans. That lesson was underlined in the case of one Republican who showed great strength, if in a losing cause. In normally Democratic Rhode Island, State Representative John H. Chafee, 40, a Marine captain who fought both in World War II and in Korea, was the image of crew-cut integrity as he shook hands 16 hours a day and campaigned on the slogan: "A man you can trust." His appeal worked so well that at week's end the count slipped him past Democratic Governor John A. Notte Jr., 53, by 67 votes.

Unsolid South

Amid the bulletins that torrented forth, the most astonishing was that Democrat Lister Hill, veteran of 25 years in the U.S. Senate, was running behind his Republican opponent, a political novice named James D. Martin. And, of all places, in Alabama—where no Republican had come within miles of winning major office since Reconstruction.

As the late returns trickled in, Hill edged ahead. But he still ended up with less than 51% of the votes. His narrow escape obviously reflected Alabama anger at the Kennedy Administration's recent armed intervention in neighboring Mississippi. But it was also significant as one of the most important political realities to emerge from the 1962 elections: the Republican Party is making real headway in what used to be called the Solid South.

Stirrings of Life. Not for a long while has the South been solid in presidential elections. Herbert Hoover (mostly because he was running against Catholic Al Smith) and Dwight Eisenhower gathered big batches of Southern electoral votes. In 1960, even in defeat, Richard Nixon carried Florida, Tennessee and Virginia, as well as Oklahoma and Kentucky on the borders of the South. But in elections for lesser offices, the South with scattered exceptions held firm to its Democratic traditions. The G.O.P. showed stirrings of life in the South in 1952 and 1954. Then it stalled, gaining not a single additional congressional seat in the old Confederacy in 1956, 1958 or 1960. This year the G.O.P. got moving again. And the South was suddenly a two-party region.

In Oklahoma, Republican Henry Bellmon captured the governorship by a hefty margin, becoming the first G.O.P. Governor in the state's history. In Kentucky, Republican Senator Thruston B. Morton decisively defeated Democrat Wilson W. Wyatt in one of 1962's most meaningful political battles. It was an uncompromising clash, without any me-too touches to blur the issues: Morton, a former G.O.P. National Chairman, a hard-punching conservative; Wyatt, a founder of Americans for Democratic Action, one of the last of those who might be described as an unmistakable left-winger. The New Frontier made Morton's defeat a principal campaign objective. President Kennedy twice went into Kentucky to campaign for Wyatt. The Administration suffered a second jolt in Kentucky when Democratic Congressman Frank Burke, who had voted down the line for the New Frontier, lost his seat to Goldwater Republican Gene Snyder.

In the eleven states of the old Confederacy, the G.O.P. fielded 62 candidates for House seats—as against 42 in 1960 and only 24 in 1958. The party's seven incumbent Congressmen all won their races for re-election. In addition, the G.O.P. captured four new congressional seats—one each in Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and Texas.

Talk about Tide. Republicans won some surprising victories in contests for

THE STATEHOUSE RACES

State	Incumbent	Winner in boldface	Official outcome in doubt
Ala.	George C. Wallace	242,888	Frank P. Walls 9,299
Alaska	William A. Egan	26,740	Mike Stepanovich 24,776
Ariz.	Sam Gaddard	163,169	Mike Fannin 197,504
Ark.	Orral E. Faubus	189,599	Willis H. Ricketts 67,190
Calif.	Edmund G. Brown	2,983,873	Richard M. Nixon 2,686,133
Colo.	Stephen L. R. McNichols	262,458	John A. Love 348,790
Conn.	John N. Dempsey	548,633	John Alsop 482,246
Del.	Carl E. Sanders		No candidate
Hawaii	John A. Burns	114,303	William F. Quinn 81,720
Idaho	Vernon K. Smith	116,127	Robert E. Smylie 139,520
Iowa	Harold E. Hughes	430,330	Norman A. Erbe 390,262
Kans.	Dale E. Saffels	287,824	John Anderson Jr. 335,066
Me.	Maynard C. Duffoff	146,160	John H. Reed 146,565
Md.	J. Millard Tawes	428,329	Frank Small Jr. 340,896
Mass.	Endicott Peabody	1,049,999	John A. Volpe 1,046,131
Mich.	John B. Swainson	1,340,549	George W. Romney 1,419,046
Minn.	Karl Rolvaag	161,779	Elmer L. Andersen 619,640
Neb.	Frank B. Morrison	238,411	Fred A. Seaton 214,923
Nev.	Grant Sawyer	62,914	Oran K. Gragson 31,345
N.H.	John W. King	135,481	John Pillsbury 94,567
N.Mex.	Jack M. Campbell	130,620	Edwin L. Machem 115,870
N.Y.	Robert M. Morgenthau	2,551,826	Mark Andrews 3,070,044
N.Dak.	William L. Guy	115,086	James A. Rhodes 1,836,175
Ohio	Michael V. DiSalle	1,279,882	Henry Bellmon 391,736
Okl.	W. P. Atkinson	315,881	Mark O. Hatfield 334,772
Ore.	Robert Y. Thornton	257,692	William W. Scranton 2,386,233
Pa.	Richardson Dilworth	1,915,800	John H. Crafce 1,160,610
R.I.	John A. Notte Jr.	160,543	No candidate
S.C.	Donald S. Russell		Archie M. Gubbrud 140,622
S.Dak.	Rolph Hershey	110,481	Hubert D. Poffy 101,183
Tenn.	Frank G. Clement	312,698	Jack Cox 661,126
Texas	John B. Connally	781,563	F. Roy Keyser 59,562
Vi.	Philip H. Hoff	160,741	Philip G. Kuehn 615,554
Wis.	John W. Reynolds	627,438	Clifford P. Hansen 65,054
Wyo.	Jack Gage	53,265	

state and local offices, made some respectable showings elsewhere. In three counties in North Carolina, G.O.P. candidates swept every major contested office, upsetting the speaker of the state legislature's lower house in a contest for a state senate seat. In South Carolina, Newspaperman William D. Workman Jr., who joined the Republican Party only a year ago, gathered 43% of the votes for U.S. Senator in a race against Incumbent Olin Johnston. In the Texas gubernatorial contest, Republican Jack Cox lost to Democrat John B. Connally, former Navy Secretary in the Kennedy Administration, but came closer to winning than any G.O.P. candidate for Governor of Texas had done since Reconstruction.

Republican National Chairman William E. Miller hailed his party's gains in the South as a "breakthrough." Crowded in Lee Potter, head of the Republican National Committee's Operation Dixie: "The tide is coming in now in the South."

Well, the tide still has a long way to come. Much of the G.O.P.'s Southern showing was certainly due to regional anger over the Democratic Administration's actions in Mississippi. But a much more important factor was that Southern Republicans, for the first time in decades, were really trying. If they keep on, they may bring about the weightiest shift that domestic U.S. politics has felt in almost a century.



REPUBLICAN JAVITS & WIFE
Even if he had been a Buddhist.

G.O.P. landslide was Comptroller Arthur Levitt, who won by 797,000.

The biggest winner anywhere in the U.S. was New York's kinetic Republican Senator Jacob Javits, who piled up a plurality of nearly 1,000,000. Indeed, Javits did not need a bloc vote—such were his energies, his eloquence and his abilities that he would probably have won by the same margin had he been a Buddhist.

Idaho: Standoff

Given the treat of electing two Senators at once, Idaho cannily sent a liberal Democrat back to Washington in the company of a conservative Republican, Boyish Democratic Senator Frank Church, 38, won a second term, Greying Republican Len Jordan, 63, who was appointed to the Senate after the death last September of venerable fellow Republican Henry Dworshak, won a full term by defeating Gracie Pfoot, a five-term Congresswoman and the Queen Bee of Idaho politics. But Idaho eyes were really centered on the campaign for Governor, in which Democrat Vernon K. Smith came out for legalized gambling *à la Nevada*. Incumbent Republican Robert E. Smylie holstered no so loudly that the issue buried all others. Smylie, without really trying, was elected to a third term.

Illinois: Just Pals

The sweetest situation in politics is to be able to take an issue and run on both sides of it. His voice tolling warnings of doom, Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, 66, told Illinois voters of the Kennedy Administration's shortcomings. "Oh," intoned Dirksen of the New Frontier, "they've got us moving again, bless you all. But we're moving downhill into the valley of the shadow." Yet in the next

THE SENATE

Arizona: Message Received

Seeking his seventh Senate term, Old Frontiersman Carl Hayden, 85, lay ill with a virus infection in Bethesda Naval Hospital. Back home, followers of Republican Evan Mecham, a Phoenix auto dealer, spread rumors that Hayden had suffered a stroke, that he was dying after a heart attack, that doctors at the hospital had been warned under threat of court-martial not to release news of his death until after Election Day. To convince voters that he was still alive and kicking, Hayden called a press conference—only his fourth in 50 years of public life—three days before election. Arizona got the message and Hayden, without campaigning at all, solidly beat Mecham.

New York: Bloc Vote?

It is often considered bad taste to talk about election results in racial or religious terms. Yet race and religion are facts of political life. In New York, Irish Catholics held power for a long while. Then Italian Catholics made their move. Last summer Democratic Pollster Lou Harris urged that U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau be nominated for Governor against Nelson Rockefeller, if only because he could win what Harris considered the Jewish bloc vote. Harris was on the right track. As weak a candidate as Morgenthau turned out to be, he nevertheless held Rocky's plurality below all expectations. In two other New York races, Republican Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz won re-election by 647,000; and the only Democrat to survive the statewide

THE SENATE RESULTS

• Incumbent Winner in boldface † Official outcome in doubt

State	Democrat	Republican
Ala.	• Lister Hill	197,514
Alaska	• Ernest Gruening	30,562
Ark.	• Carl Hayden	195,590
Calif.	• J. W. Fulbright	179,333
Conn.	Richard R. Shands	2,393,811
Fla.	• John A. Carroll	278,540
Ga.	• Abraham A. Ribicoff	526,942
Idaho	• George A. Smathers	635,239
Ill.	• Herman E. Talmadge	
Ind.	Daniel K. Inouye	136,294
Iowa	• Frank Church	141,452
Kans.	• George Ploof	179,333
Ky.	Sidney R. Yates	1,721,881
La.	• Birch E. Bayh	905,920
Mad.	• Elbert B. Smith	375,916
Mass.	K. L. Smith	220,502
Mich.	• Paul L. Aylward	257,425
Minn.	• Wilson W. Wyatt	387,113
Miss.	• Russell B. Long	310,776
Mo.	• Daniel B. Brewster	442,328
Mont.	• Edward M. Kennedy	1,161,970
Nev.	• Edward V. Long	628,011
N.H.	• Alan Bible	62,071
N.J.	• Alfred Cato Jr.	90,444
N.C.	• Thomas J. McIntyre	117,612
N.Dak.	• James B. Donovan	2,227,911
Ohio	• Sam J. Ervin Jr.	238,287
Ola.	• P. William Lanier Jr.	82,011
Pa.	• Frank J. Lausche	811,120
R.I.	• A. S. (Mike) Manronney	33,511
S.C.	• Wayne L. Morse	394,442
S.Dak.	• Joseph S. Clark	208,815
Tenn.	• Olin D. Johnston	171,771
Tex.	• Thomas S. McGehee	126,455
Utah	• Robert J. Kennedy	151,887
Va.	• Robert J. Kennedy	86,595
Wash.	• Warren G. Magnuson	418,417
Wisc.	Gaylord A. Nelson	448,812
Wyo.	• J. L. Hicks	50,812
	James D. Martin	191,455
	Theodore F. Stevens	77,444
	Evan Mecham	180,292
	Kenneth G. Keating	76,444
	• Thomas H. Kuchel	3,084,441
	Peter H. Dominick	427,416
	Horace Seely-Bennett Jr.	500,442
	Emerson Ruess	270,442
	No candidate	
	Benjamin F. Dillingham	60,441
	John T. Hawley	11,442
	• Leonard B. Jordan	11,441
	• Everett M. Dirksen	1,441,441
	• Homer E. Caspary	996,142
	• Bourke B. Hickenlooper	412,220
	• Frank Carlson	19,551
	• James B. Pearson	344,224
	• Thurston B. Morton	411,224
	Taylor W. O'Hare	1,441,442
	Edward T. Miller	256,500
	George C. Lodge	476,441
	R. Crosby Kemper	52,144
	William B. Wright	33,335
	• Norris Cotton	415,441
	Perkins Bass	107,999
	• Jacob K. Javits	3,244,441
	Claude L. Greene Jr.	440,244
	• Milton R. Young	174,441
	• James H. Eastland	1,151,542
	• E. Hayden Edwards	61,999
	• Fred B. Ungard	283,444
	James E. Van Zandt	2,100,424
	William D. Workman Jr.	128,811
	• Joe H. Bottom	128,441
	• Wallace F. Bennett	155,999
	• George D. Aiken	40,441
	• Alexander W. Wiley	564,258
	Milward L. Simpson	128,441

days. Dirksen described his palsy-walsy relationship with President Kennedy, both personally and on international problems: "He has been my friend for 14 years. He calls me to the White House and I tell him what I think—right from the bottom of my heart."

Dirksen's followers made much of the fact that their man was one of the Senate leaders whom Kennedy called back to Washington for consultations about the Cuban crisis. And Dirksen himself leaked a little story that was hardly calculated to inspire confidence in the camp of his Democratic opponent, Congressman Sidney R. Yates, 53, a faithful Frontiersman. According to the Dirksen tale, President Kennedy at the end of the White House meeting asked Ev how he was doing in Illinois. Dirksen gravely expressed doubts. "Aw," laughed the President, "what are you worried about? You've got it in the bag."

At that, Yates gave Dirksen a small scare. He led during the first seven hours of the vote counting. But these returns were mostly from Chicago, and even there Dirksen wound up with about 49% of the vote—down from his past figures but still much better than Republicans generally do against Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic organization. Because he had done very little campaigning in downstate Republican strongholds, Dirksen's expected margin was narrowed—but not nearly enough to keep him from handily winning his third term.

Wisconsin: Right on Schedule

Wisconsin's Democratic Governor Gaylord Nelson, 46, was out to slay a solon. And he had it all planned out. The intended victim was Alexander Wiley, 78, after 23 years the senior Republican in the U.S. Senate. The plan was simple: campaign energetically around the state, irk the old gentleman, let him lose his temper, and then shrug it all off as though it were pitiful proof of senility. The Nelson strategy worked.

Nelson toured Wisconsin slowly and deliberately, attacking Wiley for opposing Administration measures such as medicare and the drug bill. After the marathon session of Congress, Wiley finally got home to campaign, took Nelson's bait, and behaved as frantically as his worst enemy could possibly have hoped. First, he called Nelson a "nitwit." Then, asked by a reporter about his stand on medicare, Wiley roared: "You keep your damn nose out of my business and I'll keep mine out of yours." At a press conference, Wiley answered a reporter's innocuous question by hollering: "Shut up!" Last week, after Nelson upset Wiley, the victor said of his adversary: "He performed on schedule."

Swept in by the Nelson victory was Democratic Attorney General John W. Reynolds, 41, a liberal running for Governor against Milwaukee Businessman Philip G. ("Buzz") Kuehn, 42, a conservative who just could not bring himself to disavow the backing of the John Birch Society.

Indiana: Codgerism

*Hey, look him over,
He's your kind of guy.
His first name is Birch,
His last name is Bayh.*

In the last two weeks of the campaign, Hoosiers heard little else on radio and television stations. That campaign song was the climactic effort by Democrat Birch Bayh, 34, to unseat three-term Republican Senator Homer Capehart, 65. And unseated Homer was. But it was less because of Bayh's jumpy theme-tune than because Capehart looked, talked and acted like an old codger.

Going for him, Capehart had experience, a recognized name, and a pretty



SENATOR-ELECT BAYH & FAMILY
It's the way it's said.

good political organization. Going against him, he had the most ponderous manners and the heaviest jowls in U.S. politics. On his record, he was not too far to the right of middle-of-the-road Republicanism. But his image was that of a conservative who had just crept out of a cave. For weeks, he had demanded that the Kennedy Administration take strong action against Cuba; when action was taken, Homer thought he had it made. But with ranks closing behind the President, no one heard Capehart's I-told-you-so.

As for Bayh, he was raised on an Indiana farm, took a degree in agriculture at Purdue, won election to the state house of representatives at 24. He became minority leader in 1957 and speaker in 1959, meanwhile earned a law degree at Indiana University. He started his hard campaign for the Senate a full year ago. Says Bayh: "I feel the average voter is impressed by a fellow who's out there just working his tail off." Homer Capehart, who just happened to be a responsible, hard-working Senator, would have expressed the same sentiment—but in the words of an old codger. And that was the difference.

Hawaii: Island Sweep

Because of his turn-of-the-century conservatism and his great bulk (247 lbs.), Republican Benjamin Franklin Dillingham II, 46, is devastatingly described as "a fat old young man." Running for the Senate seat vacated by retiring Democrat Oren Long, Dillingham never had a chance against Representative Daniel Inouye, 38, slim child, war hero, first U.S. Congressman of Japanese descent. New Frontiersman ("To be President Kennedy's rubber stamp is an honor") and by far Hawaii's top vote-getter. If there had been any doubt, it vanished when the Honolulu Advertiser, of which the Dillingham family owns a hefty 12%, astonished the islands by endorsing Inouye. Inouye won by better than 2 to 1, carrying with him Democrat John A. Burns, 53, former territorial delegate to the U.S. Congress, over Republican Governor William F. Quinn. Among the other winners in a Democratic sweep: Mrs. Helena Hale, 44, a niece of Dr. Ralph Bunche, who became Hawaii County chairman and the first woman to hold a top public office in the islands since Queen Liliuokalani.

THE GOVERNORS

Ohio: Ex-Jolly Fat Man

By playing the role of the jolly fat man, Ohio Democrat Mike Di Salle helped make himself a political success. But after he was elected Governor in 1963, Di Salle got serious. He wanted to be remembered as the man who had wrought great improvements in his state's highway, education and mental-health programs. Instead, he was criticized for raising taxes by \$310 million. Di Salle brooded over his misfortune, then got mad. In so doing he committed political suicide.

Among the many things that annoyed Di Salle in 1962 was his inability to come to grips with his gubernatorial opponent, State Auditor James Rhodes, 52; who was backed by a highly efficient organization under State Chairman Ray Bliss. As mayor of Columbus from 1943 to 1953 and as auditor ever since, Rhodes was widely known to Ohioans as an able administrator who knew the value of a buck. In his campaign against Di Salle, he advanced no adventurous new programs, declined to debate or even discuss specific issues. That left Di Salle a roly-poly mass of frustration.

In his anger, Di Salle launched a savage attack against Rhodes, charged that the auditor's office had fraudulently purchased adding machines, accused Rhodes of diverting \$24,000 worth of campaign contributions to his personal use. Di Salle's on-slough blew up in his face. Last week Rhodes carried 84 of the state's 88 counties, won even in Cleveland, and was elected by the biggest plurality ever given an Ohio gubernatorial candidate.

That made Mike Di Salle even madder. The day after election, he sat down and wrote out a vituperative statement that he had mimeographed for distribution to newsmen. In it he attacked the publishers

of papers that had opposed him as "petty kingmakers more interested in power than in the truth." He said he had "less respect" for Rhodes than anyone he had ever run against, declared the winner absolutely unqualified to hold public office. He also vowed that he would hunt for evidence of fraud in Rhodes' auditorship until the very day in January when Republicans would finally dispossess him of his office in the squat, ugly capitol building in Columbus. In fact, Mike Di Salle should have remained a jolly fat man.

Nebraska: Turnabout Issue

Funny thing, Nebraska once again voted—or thought it was voting—its straight-furrowed conservatism even while reflecting Democratic Governor Frank Morrison over Republican Fred Seaton.

Seaton wore tailored suits, had spent a lot of time in the elite East—meaning Washington, D.C.—as Dwight Eisenhower's Interior Secretary. He came out for a more costly teacher-retirement program, increased funds for the University of Nebraska, a stepped-up highway construction plan, Morrison, a scuffed-shoes-and-red-galluses sort of fellow, made fun of the Kennedy Administration, declined to let New Frontier Democrats come into the state to campaign for him, insisted that Seaton's programs would require a 40% increase in the state's property tax. Nebraska Republicans decided that Democrat Morrison was more conservative than Seaton, Morrison won easily.

Colorado: Winning Wave

Colorado was one of the brightest spots on the Republican landscape—and it showed what can be done when good candidates are helped by a first-rate state organization to ride a conservative wave.

Behind the G.O.P. victories in Colorado were Denver Adman Jean K. Tool, 43, who took over as state chairman two years ago, and Robert E. Lee, a backroom pro who heads the Denver navy organization. Between them, they replaced 40% of the county chairmen, cut the average age of district captains from the 70s to the 40s, raised money for a radio and television blitz—and produced two of the most attractive candidates anywhere. They were Lawyer John Love, 45, for Governor, and Representative Peter Dominick, 47, for the Senate.

Love, making his first try for elective office, faced Democratic Governor Steve McNichols, who had an impressive record of school and highway construction, high employment and industrial development. But McNichols' achievements came at the cost of an unpopular increase in state income taxes. Love struck at this McNichols soft spot, promised a tax cut. Love's appearance and personality also helped him upset McNichols. Remarkably handsome in a man's-man way, he became a crackling good extemporaneous speaker, managed to sound persuasive even while remaining a bit vague about his political philosophy—"I'm for the simple but powerful precept of government with the people."

There is nothing vague about Peter Dominick's philosophy: he is a fulltime,



WINNERS DOMINICK & LOVE
With that old appeal.

working conservative who stands for less government and less spending. Said he of his opponent's record on spending bills "The guy I'm running against voted for every one of the cotton-picking things." That opponent was Democratic Senator John Carroll, a 100% liberal who edged in by 2,770 votes six years ago, later lost votes by putting his daughter Diane on his congressional payroll at \$12,500 a year while she attended Georgetown University Law School. Carroll, a fumbling campaigner, was hardly a match for Dominick who is almost as handsome as Love and every bit as good a speaker. Thus, with Jean Tool's smooth-working organization behind them, Love and Dominick cut deeply into the Democrats' Denver and Pueblo strongholds; both won going away.

Massachusetts: Ex-Loser

They called him "the baby-faced assassin" at Harvard, where he was an All-America guard in 1941. Old grads claim they can still hear echoes of the thunderous tackle he made on Navy's William ("Barnacle Bill") Busik. As a lieutenant on the submarine *Tirante* during World War II, he won the Silver Star for leading raiding parties aboard Japanese craft and engaging in hand-to-hand combat. Yet for all such exploits—and despite his heritage as a member of one of Massachusetts' most celebrated Yankee families—Endi-



APPARENT WINNER PEABODY
Perhaps without pants.

cott ("Chub") Peabody, 42, until last week was a chronic political loser.

Chub's family tree is full of prominent Democrats. The most famous of all was Chub's grandfather, the Endicott Peabody who founded Groton and who was a lifelong advocate of Democratic public service.

Do-Good. But for all his credentials, Chub was beaten in a 1956 attempt to win the Democratic nomination for state attorney general. In the 1958 primary, he lost again for the same job. In 1960 Peabody (pronounced *Peabdy* in Massachusetts) ran unsuccessfully in his party's gubernatorial primary.

This year, while Democrats were preoccupied by the Teddy-Eddie battle for the Senate nomination, Peabody won his party's endorsement for Governor. But he still looked like a loser against Republican Governor John A. Volpe, a former contractor who had balanced the budget and who, as an Italian Catholic, seemed likely to win many votes from Democratic voting blocs.

Peabody's do-good campaign alienated many Democratic professionals. But Volpe offended some voters by refusing to debate with Peabody, even though Peabody's ad-lib remarks frequently are confusing enough to prompt the crack: "He played football too long without a helmet."

Tough Task. Teddy's landslide victory apparently carried Peabody across by 3,868 votes—at least pending a possible recount of the cliffhanging contest. At one point he seemed about to fall backward—but the discovery of a "clerical error" in Democratic Holyoke gave him an additional 8,300 votes. It seemed likely, therefore, that Peabody would get a chance to practice what he long has preached: "I want to play my part in shaping the world, and I don't believe in hiring mercenaries to do it."

But many in Massachusetts still felt that Chub Peabody would find the shaping of the world a painful task when he collides with the cynical Democratic professionals in the Massachusetts legislature. Says one legislative veteran: "You're going to find him some cold night outside the Statler without his pants. The kindest thing you can do for him right now is give him a bathrobe."

Oregon: Missed Chance

Quietly building a claim to the Republican Party's 1964 vice-presidential nomination, Oregon's Republican Governor Mark Hatfield, 40, rolled to a second term with lots of votes to spare. More impressive, he was one of the few incumbent Governors in the U.S. whose plurality did not shrink from the previous election. Hatfield was just too much for Democratic State Attorney General Robert Thornton, who never had a chance. But Hatfield missed another sort of chance: he gave only the most tepid support to a weak G.O.P. ticket mate, Senate Candidate Sig Ulander, who did well in losing to Democrat Wayne Morse. If popular Mark Hatfield had gone all-out for Ulander, he might have helped rid the U.S. Senate of its windiest member.

California: Career's End

In some ways Richard Nixon symbolized the American dream. Of humble beginnings, he almost won the highest honor the U.S. can offer. He was elected a U.S. Representative at 33, a Senator at 37, Vice President at 39, and at 47 he became the Republican nominee for President. And yet, harring a miracle, his political career ended last week. He was only 49. But something had gone wrong. Perhaps he had risen too far too fast.

There could be little question about Nixon's abilities—they they earned him almost as many enemies as admirers. He came to national attention as the House investigator who caught Alger Hiss; for that very achievement, he was to suffer much abuse. As Vice President, he served with energy and dignity, often representing the U.S. abroad with courage beyond the call of duty. In his 1960 drive for the presidency, he began as the candidate of experience, but his once-sure political touch left him and he ran a bad campaign. His worst enemies agreed that he was capable, yet they insisted that his character was flawed. As of last week, his admirers could only agree.

Ridiculous Issue. Nixon's political death came not in his defeat for Governor of California by incumbent Democrat Pat Brown but in his manner of meeting it. Brown is neither a great personality nor a great statesman, but he makes the most of what he has. Against him, Nixon decided to make domestic Communism the big issue; but the notion that Brown was soft on Communism was ridiculous. Sensing defeat, Nixon flailed out in a last-minute fury. On election eve, he appeared on television—with his wife and two teen-age daughters at his side—claimed in persecuted tones that he had been the victim of the worst smear campaign in California history.

As of that moment, the election results were foregone. The next day, while Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel was winning by some 700,000 votes, Nixon was losing by nearly 300,000. And the morning after the election Nixon wrote his own political obituary. His press secretary, Herb Klein, had called a press conference to announce that Nixon was conceding defeat. Klein said that Nixon himself would not appear—whereupon Nixon strode into the room and started talking.

Petulant Praise. Said Nixon, in words that were too small of spirit to make for real tragedy: "Now that all the members of the press are so delighted that I have lost, I'd like to make a statement of my own." He spoke in petulant praise of his opponent: "I believe Governor Brown has a heart, even though he believes I do not. I believe he is a good American, even though he feels I am not." For 17 minutes he went on, talking about national issues, but returning repeatedly to his feelings about the press. Almost incoherently, he concluded:

"As I leave you I want you to know—I just think how much you're going to be missing."

"You won't have Nixon to kick around any more, because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference, and it will be one in which I have welcomed the opportunity to test with you."

But, unlike some people, I've never canceled a subscription to a paper, and also I never will.

I believe in reading what my opponents say, and I hope that what I have said today will at least make television radio and the press first recognize the great responsibility they have to report all the news, and second, recognize that they have a right and a responsibility if they're against a candidate, give him the shaft, but also recognize if they give him the shaft, put one lonely reporter on



NIXON & KEENE

"Thank you, gentlemen, and good day."

the campaign who will report what the candidate says now and then.

"Thank you, gentlemen, and good day." As Nixon walked from the room he said to Klein: "I know you don't agree. I gave it to them right in the behind. It had to be said, goddammit. It had to be said." That in itself left little more that had to be said about Richard Nixon.

WOMEN

She Was Eleanor

In 1933 *The New Yorker* carried a memorable cartoon showing two coal miners looking up goggle-eyed, and one exclaiming: "For gosh sakes, here comes Mrs. Roosevelt." It was hilarious if only because it was so true; soon afterward Eleanor Roosevelt indeed descended into a coal mine. In those days she had not yet become controversial; to her critics she was a gadabout and do-gooder, to her admirers she was a dedicated friend of the oppressed, and to everyone, she was a marvel of omnipresent vitality. Later she aroused stronger passions: she was both hated and loved. But she outlived

most of the controversy and became the world's most admired and most asked-about woman. To the world, she was Eleanor.

As Eleanor, she wrote her own legend. She often mentioned her ugly-duckling childhood. She sadly recalled how she was ruled by a domineering mother-in-law. She constantly spoke of her innate shyness. She presented an image of sweet uncomplicated Eleanor, who occasionally oversimplified quite complicated issues—but whose heart was as big as all humanity. She never wrote "I think . . ."; she always wrote "I feel . . ." But in nurturing this legend, Eleanor Roosevelt did herself an injustice. She did feel—but she also thought. And she had one of the sharpest intellects that the U.S. has known. Did she know what she wanted? She never said so in so many words, but all of her strivings and all of her little lectures and admonitions would add up to a U.S. in which all were equal, but the rules should be changed to give unequal favor to the ones left behind. Although she never lived to see it, she was until the day of her death the most effective advocate of welfare-state equalitarianism.

Eleanor cared nothing about female fashion or protocol. She could happily journey off to England for a visit with King George and Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mother Mary and the Winston Churchills carrying just one evening dress, two day dresses, one suit and a few blouses. She could delightedly entertain the King and Queen at Hyde Park with a hot dog and mustard picnic—that was real Americanism. She knew she was homely, so she scorned lipstick and powder, always considered comb and hairbrush sufficient.

Girlhood Granny. Yet, simple as she tried to portray herself, she was a complicated woman with an agonizingly complex background. Her mother, Mrs. Anna Hall Roosevelt, was a beautiful lady with little capacity for motherhood. Eleanor remembered standing in the parlor doorway at home as a child, "often with my finger in my mouth," and hearing her mother tell visitors: "She is such a funny child so old-fashioned that we always call her Granny." Recalled Eleanor, "I wanted to sink through the floor in shame."

She rejected her past—because it was filled with tragedy. Her mother died of diphtheria when she was eight. She had a deep love for her father Elliott, a jolly man, a big-game hunter and a younger brother of Teddy Roosevelt. He called her "Little Nell." But he died, with alcoholism as a contributory cause, when she was nine. Eleanor went to live with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Valentine Hall, a stern disciplinarian. She was horribly unhappy until she went off to a French finishing school in England. There she came to recognize her own mental powers. "More and more," she recalled, "I used the quickness of my mind to pick the minds of other people and use their knowledge as my own."

Tears & Fears. Yet even after marrying her fifth cousin once removed, handsome Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Eleanor had



HYDE PARK, 1913
A woman of sorrow and strength.

little confidence in herself, often broke into tears for no clear reason. She was afraid of the nurses who took care of the six children who arrived in ten years, resented her mother-in-law's attempts to dominate her husband, "I do so want you to learn to love me at least a little," she once wrote Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, who had opposed the marriage. She concentrated on her growing family, took little interest in her husband's election as a New York state senator, was only dutifully involved in his service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Wilson, "I was always a part of the public aspect of our lives, still I felt detached and objective, as though I were looking at someone else's life."

It took more sorrow to make Eleanor become Eleanor. In 1921 Franklin was stricken with paralytic polio. She nursed her husband, fought off his mother's inclination to keep him an invalid at the family home in Hyde Park. She also encouraged Franklin to seek the governorship of New York, which he won in 1928. She was less than enthusiastic about his pushing on to the presidency, but once he decided to run, she worked hard.

"Such Little Things." In the White House, Eleanor Roosevelt, still protesting that she was basically shy, blossomed into the most assertive First Lady in U.S. history. She began writing a daily newspaper column, "My Day," which was carried by as many as 90 newspapers. She was far more New Dealish than F.D.R., ever thought of being, but he knew better than to try to censor her. Once, when she asked his advice about a column, he replied: "Lady, this is a free country. Her own attitude about her varied activities was that 'I always felt that if Franklin's re-election depended upon such little things that I or any member of the family

did, he could not be doing the job the people in the country wanted him to do."

She quit the Daughters of the American Revolution when the organization refused to let Negro Singer Marian Anderson use its Washington hall. Her constant fight for racial equality made her beloved by Negroes and hated by many Southerners who took their revenge in what became known as Eleanor stories. She urged TVA-like projects for the Missouri and Mississippi River valleys. She sought wages-and-hours legislation for farm hands and household servants, and in days when such things seemed to matter less, lent her prestigious name, sometimes indiscriminately, to many causes.

Four Words. All the while, Mrs. Roosevelt remained vividly alive. She learned to lower her voice. Her glowing eyes and eager smile inspired warmth. Her travels averaged 40,000 miles in each of her first eight years in the White House. When war broke out, she carried greetings from the President to U.S. servicemen from London to the South Pacific, returned with personal messages for their families. In one South Pacific hospital she horrified her escorts by bursting into a particular ward to handshake and kiss the patients. The trouble was that the ward was set aside for those with venereal diseases.

In April 1945, Eleanor Roosevelt followed her husband's casket from a white cottage at Georgia's Warm Springs, down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue, into the flower-scented East Room of the White House. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the new President, Harry



MRS. ROOSEVELT IN 1961



NEW ZEALAND, 1943

Truman. Replied Mrs. Roosevelt, "No, but is there anything we can do for you?" When she returned home to Manhattan the following week, she dismissed waiting reporters with four words: "The story is over."

U.N. Crusader. It was not. She continued her column, wrote 12 books, conducted regular programs on radio and television, supported Adlai Stevenson at the Democratic conventions of 1952, 1956 and 1960. In all of these efforts her gentle manner concealed a fighting spirit. She had a way of infuriating her opponents by making their efforts, and not hers, seem partisan. She became a powerful force for reform in New York City's Democratic Party, led in the successful attempt to kick out Carmine De Sapio as Tammany Hall's boss.

Last week, at 78, Mrs. Roosevelt died of a complication of ailments (see MEDICINE). By the time of her death many of the causes she had fought for had become accepted. Many others were no longer at issue and the world had come to judge her not by her causes but by her indefatigable heart and her humanity. The United Nations, in a rare unity, hushed its debates for a minute in her honor, and her devoted friend Adlai Stevenson spoke her epitaph: "Her glow had warmed the world." The three Presidents who had succeeded her husband in office were at the graveside as she was buried beside Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the rose garden at Hyde Park.

Standing: Sons James, Elliott, Franklin Jr., Mrs. Elliott, Son-in-Law Curtis Dall, Son John; Seated: Eleanor, F.D.R., F.D.R.'s mother, 98; Front: Mrs. James & her daughters Sara, Douglas, Anna Eleanor & Mrs. Curtis Dall.

THE WORLD



ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION IN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE
The philosophy has been softened around the edges.

STAR WYMAN—LIFE

COMMUNISTS

The Real Enemy

There was a time when the West counted the anniversaries of the Russian Revolution with some hope that one year the Communist regime would collapse. That time is long past. Russia celebrated the Revolution's 45th anniversary last week, and as revolutionary regimes go, 45 years is a considerable stretch. In the 4½ decades following the French Revolution, for instance, democracy toppled monarchy, the bloody Terror crushed democracy, Bonapartism replaced terrorism, and despotism succumbed to the restoration of Bourbon royalty.

In the same span of time, the Russian regime, which Lenin thought could last scarcely three months, has had its own brief democracy, its own long terror, its own despotism. Never mentioned in the anniversary speeches are the 1,000,000 who died in the three-year civil war, the 10,000,000 who perished in the famine of the '30s and in Stalin's later ruthless collectivization drives, the 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 who were imprisoned or murdered in the maniacal purges of the '30s and '40s, and the unnumbered thousands whose lives were destroyed or maimed by Communism in open war or secret terror all over the world.

Khrushchev himself hases his whole political posture and power on a condemnation of these Stalinist "excesses." That is supposed to settle it. While no one seriously today predicts a return to Stalinist terror, the fact remains that the philosophy that made the terror possible has in no way been repudiated, but only softened around the edges. Yet in the West there is a growing tendency to shift all the guilt and all the villainy to "Stalinist" Red China and to presumed pro-Chinese partisans within the Kremlin.

Smile for the Camera. The fact that Moscow is no longer the undisputed capital of world Communism, and that there is, unquestionably, a Sino-Soviet split (see following story), is once again reviving

the old, tempting speculation that some day Russia and the West will make common cause against China. Historian Arnold Toynbee suggested years ago that Christian Russia and the Christian West would stand together against the Chinese. Later, France's Charles de Gaulle talked of the "white nation in Europe" (Russia) faced with the "yellow masses of China." Now aging pundit Walter Lippmann argues that "the true interest of Russia is to make peace in Europe and, with the West . . . to recognize that the containment of Red China is becoming more important than any other Soviet interest."

This pipe dream was reinforced by Red China's attack on India. Furthermore, according to some weird reports from the Caribbean last week, the U.S. and Russia seemed joined in a cordial effort to de-

fuse Castro's Cuba. If one could believe the stories, some Soviet skippers happily waved and peeled tarpaulins off missiles on their decks for the benefit of U.S. surveillance cameras. One Red crew even sent a bottle of vodka up to the pilot of a hovering U.S. Navy helicopter.

All this suggested to some in the West a joint U.S.-Russian responsibility, arising from their possession of deadly nuclear weapons, to keep irresponsible fanatics like Castro and his Chinese backers in line. There were rumors of a secret deal between the U.S. and Russia involving some degree of military disengagement in Europe. This would presumably make possible the Lippmann notion of joint U.S.-Russian "containment" of Red China.

Split or Illusion? The West would obviously be foolish not to exploit the Sino-Soviet conflict to the fullest. But it would be even more foolish to let the thought of that conflict lure it into an illusory *détente* with Russia. For one thing, the Chinese menace is sometimes exaggerated. Obviously the Chinese can and do cause tremendous trouble, but their under-industrialized, underfed country will scarcely change the world balance of power in the foreseeable future, even if Peking builds its own atom bomb.

Secondly, as Roger Hilsman, the State Department's Director of Intelligence, pointed out last week, the split itself cannot be wholly trusted: "We must remember that Communist ideology, with its goal of world revolution, still provides an overall basis for unity between Peking and Moscow. So long as both partners see the United States as the greatest obstacle to the attainment of this goal, they will try to patch over their differences and unite against the common enemy."

In short, while the West has certain opportunities to play Communist countries off against each other, the real enemy remains not the dead Stalin, not live "neo-Stalinists," not Peking, but Communism, which Lenin first brought to power 45 years ago with the slogan: "Away with democracy. All power to the Soviets."



MAO ZEDONG & DEFENSE MINISTER
Peng Dehuai.

AP/WIDEWORLD

Rumblings in the Realm

There were moments last week when the Kremlin seemed to have less trouble coexisting with the U.S. than with the Communist bloc (or blocs). While the world was positively smothered in peace talk from Moscow about how Nikita Khrushchev's wisdom had prevented a war between the U.S. and Russia, there were audible rumblings of dissension in the Communist realm.

At a reception in the Palace of Congresses banquet hall, celebrating the 45th anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, Nikita Khrushchev presented the picture of a man bouncing back in great style from his own Cuban fiasco. In one of his most dazzling displays of personal diplomacy, he seemed relaxed, relieved and philosophical. "Who won and who lost?" he asked reporters. "Reason won, Man-kind won because if there hadn't been reason, then there might not have been this reception, and there might not have been any elections in the U.S.," Khrushchev even seemed to concede a U.S. missile lead. "We put 40 rockets in Cuba," he said. "What are 40 rockets? Even 140 would not have been enough."

Then, toasting the U.S. with a glass of sweet Georgian wine, he turned to U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler, standing 12 feet away. "If we don't love each other," he said affably, "then that's a question of taste. If we don't embrace, we can at least shake hands, because if we should clash, the others will not go unscathed." "This is not a threat," he added quickly. "A hard policy is not always best. Flexibility is necessary."

Rude Silence. Also giving the soft line a hard sell was one of Khrushchev's oldest cronies, First Deputy Premier Alexei Kosygin, who hailed "concessions made by both sides to peace and sanity" in Moscow's missile misadventure in the Caribbean. Regarding Berlin, Kosygin omitted the usual Communist demand that Western troops quit the city and did not refer, even vaguely, to a deadline for a separate Soviet peace treaty with East Germany. Next day, Defense Chief Rodion Malinovsky reduced his professional rocket-rattling to below last year's noise level, reviewed an eight-minute march-past of military hardware that included only one new item: a 50-ft.-long, probably solid-fuel missile that was billed by the Russians as capable of being fired from a submerged submarine, like the U.S. Polaris missile.

Usually the Bolshevik anniversary is the occasion for an informal Red summit. But as of last week, Khrushchev seemed eager to avoid such mass meetings. He sent no invitations at all to Red China, North Korea and North Viet Nam, and called in his East European allies to Moscow one by one for quick briefings on Cuba. Last to arrive and last to leave was Hungary's Janos Kadar.

In East Germany another possibly embarrassing meeting was avoided. Just as delegates to the Communist-front World Federation of Trade Unions had unpacked

their bags in Leipzig for a skull session on the challenge of the thriving Common Market, they got word from Moscow to start packing again. Khrushchev hates and fears the Common Market and demands that other Communist parties take a tough line too. But Poland, which conducts 20% of its trade with the Six and Great Britain, takes a moderate stand: Italian and Belgian Communists, whose working-class members share in the prosperous capitalist economic community, have already endorsed the partnership despite Soviet opposition. Rather than make the split worse by argument, the Kremlin simply called off the session.

Noisy Interruption. There were even more serious turbulences in Bulgaria. The country's Red boss, Todor Zhivkov, was back from his trip to Moscow scarcely 24 hours when he told the opening session of a party congress in Sofia that Premier Anton Yugov, ex-Dictator Vukko Chervenkov, and six other bigwigs were being fired as Stalinists. Yugov was slapped under house arrest, accused of ordering the

ple." Day after day, mass rallies of school-children and workers shouted themselves hoarse to back Castro; the regime flooded cities and towns with millions of militant pamphlets.

Nor was Cuba the only issue that inflamed the Sino-Soviet rivalry. Nehru reported that Moscow, after weeks of stalling, finally agreed to sell India MIG jet fighters, which might be used against invading Red Chinese troops. A Pravda editorial on Peking's border war with India carefully refused to take sides; if anything, Pravda leaned slightly toward India. "Bellicosity," tut-tutted the sweet voice of Moscow, is "foreign to the very spirit of a socialist state."

RUSSIA

First Superhighway

With only 4,700,000 motor vehicles in a nation that covers one-seventh of the earth's surface, the Soviet Union would hardly be expected to worry much about traffic jams. Yet Russia has a growing



NEW RING ROAD AROUND MOSCOW
Most of the spectators came on foot.

executions of "numerous honest and innocent comrades." Only three years ago the Bulgarian regime had tried to emulate the Chinese "great leap forward" and also had fallen flat on its face. Now it was Khrushchev's turn to pick up the pieces.

A delegate from Peking's Central Committee was in Sofia, and the purge of the Stalinists was more than he could bear. Heatedly he attacked Bulgarian obedience to Khrushchev's "revisionist" line, defiantly reported Peking's determination to support Fidel Castro in his hour of abandonment by Moscow. The Chinese delegate began his speech to warm applause; he finished to icy silence.

Hoarse Shouts. Back home in Peking, things got even rougher. In some of the strongest abuse it has yet heaped on Khrushchev, Red China labeled Moscow's Cuban retreat "appeasement" and accused the Kremlin of trying to "play the Munich scheme against the Cuban peo-

problem, for almost all the cars and trucks are concentrated in the larger cities or on the few major roads between them. Especially congested at peak hours are some of the main streets of Moscow, where dump trucks and haulers vie at a snail's pace with taxis to get from one distant suburb to another. Last week a brand-new 68-mile superhighway was opened in the hope of speeding things up.

The road, which forms a ring around the outskirts of Moscow, was begun in 1956 and completed two years before the target date with the help of more than 100,000 students, workers and other Muscovites who put in long hours of volunteer labor on weekends. Since this is the first modern divided-lane highway in all Russia, thousands of Muscovites swarmed out on the inaugural day to have a look. Most of the spectators came on foot; the few lucky ones who own cars excitedly opened them up to the maximum 80

m.p.h., unmindful of the washboard ripples and wavy indentations on the brand-new roadbed. Even Premier Nikita Khrushchev had his driver take him out for a run around the circuit in his sleek Chaika limousine. Acknowledging the cheers of bystanders, Khrushchev paused to congratulate officials, urged them to put up some restaurants and motels along the way. And, suggested Khrushchev in an afterthought, next time they build a highway, a little more attention might be paid to the quality of the surface.

INDIA

Turning Points

India rejoiced last week in two victories: the Chinese were thrown back in a local action on the embattled mountain border; former Defense Minister Krishna Menon, long a virulently anti-Western ap-

last month. "Morale is high," Radhakrishnan told newsmen. "All the troops say, 'Give us the tools and we will regain our lost territory.'" He blamed last month's defeat on the fact that India had "trusted the Chinese because we were carrying on negotiations with them. Our credulity and our negligence cost us the initial reverse." Survivors of the attack were still angrily asking why they had been so out-gunned by the Chinese, whose light automatic weapons fired at a rate 20 times faster than the single-shot Lee Enfield rifle, standard in the Indian army. Said a senior Indian officer: "The troops feel they have been let down."

So did all India. Chief blame for the nation's unreadiness continued to be placed on Menon, who as Defense Minister since 1957 was reluctant to buy arms abroad and, in his socialist suspicion of free enterprise, would not let private firms

M.P.s that he was accepting Menon's resignation from the Cabinet. The legislators cheered. Menon's defiant last words: "I still have a bright political future." No one believed it.

With Menon disposed of, India settled down to deal with the Chinese. New Delhi sent word to the U.N. that it wanted to withdraw "as soon as possible" its 5,700 troops in the Congo. Police rounded up scores of Communists suspected of holding "pro-Chinese" feelings, even though India's Communist Party had belatedly come out against "Chinese aggression."

Words & Action. As for Nehru, his painful education was continuing. As he rejected phony Peking suggestions of "compromise" and cease-fire that would only benefit the aggressors, he complained: "Everyone is advising us to be good and peaceful." It was the kind of advice he himself had been handing out in every international crisis created by Red aggression. He still regretted that China was not in the U.N., refused fully to equate "Communism" with China's aggression, and insisted that India was still nonaligned. U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Galbraith soothingly agreed, explained that Western arms aid did not mean that India must join any entangling military alliances.

Nevertheless, Nehru called the Chinese attack a "turning point" in the history of India, Asia and the world. When he strongly declared in Parliament that India had accepted Peking's challenge, the M.P.s cheered and pounded their desks. He denounced China as a "wholly irresponsible country that does not care about peace," an imperialist power in the 18th and 19th century tradition. He won the Indian nation with his refusal to negotiate until the last Chinese soldier left Indian soil.

It was evident at week's end that more than strong words were needed to stop the Chinese. At Ladakh, on the western end of the 2,500-mile frontier, Chinese troops outflanked Indian defenders and forced the evacuation of the key military post guarding the entrance to Karakoram Pass. The Chinese moved in tanks and were massing supplies, presumably to seize Chushul airfield which, at 14,000 ft., is one of the world's highest. India's response was to airlift light tanks to Chushul, since, if the airfield falls to the Chinese, all of Ladakh may have to be abandoned to the enemy.

GREAT BRITAIN

Dawdling No More

Faced with five by-elections this month and the highest unemployment rate (2.1%) in three years, impatient Tories have been muttering that line from that old backbench ditty: "Stop dawdling, Maudling." In his first major House of Commons speech since he succeeded Selwyn Lloyd as Chancellor of the Exchequer four months ago, Reginald Maudling last week presented a long-awaited "policy of expansion" that surprised even the most skeptical Tories with its boldness. When



PRESIDENT RADHAKRISHNAN (IN WHITE) VISITING WOUNDED TROOPS
With Menon gone, only the Chinese to fight.

preacher of Communism, was thrown out of Nehru's Cabinet.

The new Chinese thrust came after a ten-day lull in the fighting and was apparently aimed at driving down the Luhit River valley toward India's important oil fields at Digboi, 90 miles from Walong, in the North East Frontier Agency. The Chinese seized a mountain slope above Walong, but Indian troops "went into an attack and cleared this position, throwing back the Chinese aggressors."

Freeze & Famine. The military good news was long overdue, though minor in scope, and indicated that General Brij Mohan Kaul, 50, the border commander, was beginning to use to good advantage the U.S. and British automatic weapons and heavy mortars being flown in around the clock. At Kaul's headquarters in Tezpur, India's venerable President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, 74, visited hospitalized Gurkha, Sikh and Jat soldiers, many of whom had wandered famished and freezing through the mountains for 17 days after the big Chinese breakthrough

bid on defense contracts. Military orders were funneled into state-run arsenals that were supposed to turn out everything from jet fighters to harness straps for army mules. Most of Menon's arsenals are still in the blueprint stage.

Hunched & Silent. Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, who sees qualities in Menon invisible to others, was reluctant to fire his friend of 30 years. At first he tried to pacify critics by taking over the Defense Ministry himself and downgrading Menon to Minister of Defense Production. Nehru's task was not made any easier when Menon arrogantly told newsmen, "I am still a member of the Cabinet and still sitting in the Defense Ministry." Army officers, the press, politicians and delegations from Nehru's ruling Congress Party all joined in demanding that Menon go.

Nehru pleaded, accurately enough, that he too was responsible for India's defense policy failures. But at last he gave in. As Menon sat near by, hunched and silent, Nehru told a meeting of Congress Party



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the old man angrier. "Who is this Herr Augstein, anyway?" cried *der Alte*. "He makes money out of committing treason and I think that is indecent."

At that, an angry young Bundestag Deputy from Düsseldorf rose to protest. He was Wolfgang Döring, 43, deputy leader of the Free Democratic Party and a friend of Augstein's. "Mr. Chancellor, you are the first to arrive at a verdict that only a court has the right to determine." Then, in a shaking voice, Döring told of his half-Jewish wife, who lost 22 of her 26 living relatives in Nazi concentration camps, and fled to Britain during the war. She did not want to return to Germany. Döring told the Bundestag, "For weeks and months I tried to make it clear to her that all the worries and doubts were

A Call to Málaga. Adenauer admitted that even he knew nothing of Operation *Spiegel* until just before the arrests were made. Who, then, was behind it? Little by little, the emerging facts pointed at a man who had been Augstein's main target for years: that baroque Bavarian Franz Josef Strauss, West Germany's Defense Minister. Last week Strauss admitted that he himself had telephoned West Germany's military attaché in Madrid on the night of the arrests, ordered him to "inform" Spanish authorities that a warrant of arrest on suspicion of treason had been issued against *Spiegel* Editor Conrad Ahlers, who was vacationing on the Spanish coast. Even though he willingly would have returned on his own, Spanish cops locked Ahlers up for

EUROPE

Lebensraum with a View

At a pub near Shannon Airport, a newly landed Irish-American couple listened to the rich, incomprehensible patois of the regulars at the bar. "Just listen, Harry," breathed the wife. "They're talking Gaelic!" Actually, they were talking German. What the U.S. tourists did not realize was that the "natives" were squires from West Germany who, like scores of their compatriots, have been eagerly buying up cut-rate Irish real estate.

In search of *Lebensraum* with a view, affluent West Germans in the past few years have swarmed across Europe on the biggest land-buying spree in their history. Germans have become Europe's heaviest



SWITZERLAND'S SCHNEIDER

unjustified." Now, he said, his wife's old tears were returning.

What alarmed the government's critics most was gradually emerging evidence that the crackdown on the magazine had been essentially political. From the start, many thought it strange that Minister of Justice Wolfgang Stammberger was not told in advance by his own underlings of plans to prosecute Augstein. As it turned out, it was not strange at all.

Augstein is a vigorous backer of the Free Democratic Party, the small group that shares power in an uneasy coalition with Adenauer's Christian Democrats. Had Stammberger known in advance of the planned arrests, he might well have blocked the scheme. Afterward, Stammberger became so angry that he threatened to quit and take his four F.D.P. colleagues with him out of the coalition Cabinet. But in the end Adenauer saved his hurt feelings by firing a couple of the second-level ministerial officials involved in the arrests. They were obviously political scapegoats. The compromise hardly satisfied *Der Spiegel*'s editors, who splashed Augstein's photograph on the cover of the following week's issue, ran a 24-page story on the affair.



VON THYSEN'S VILLA

Prices soar at the drop of a guffaw.

28 hours, sent him back under escort to Germany, where he was promptly arrested.

Since there is no extradition agreement between Spain and West Germany for political crimes, all this was, as the government admitted, "somewhat outside legality." But, said Adenauer, "whether Ahlers was arrested in Málaga or Hamburg does not bother me much," and he suggested blandly that procedural flaws in the case could always be investigated afterward.

Even Adenauer's firmest friends were alarmed to hear this staunch old democrat voice the essentially totalitarian philosophy that the end justifies the means and that, even in peacetime, due process of law can be set aside to protect the state. Almost unanimously, German editors felt that whatever good intentions lay behind the government's deeds, it all had the sound of an echo from Germany's tragic past. There was no denying that a security breach had been committed, and there were even charges that *Der Spiegel* had bribed an army officer to divulge military secrets. But the government had taken its actions in a needlessly heavy-handed manner. The nation's alarm was, in a sense, reassuring evidence that Germans today want to live under the rule of law.



IRELAND'S SKORZENY

buyers of vacation homes in virtually every bracket, ranging from a department store tycoon's \$1,000,000 pleasure dome on Cap d'Antibes to \$1,500 cottages on the Mediterranean that are advertised as "your own castle in Spain." Though the stock market and their economy have leveled off, West German entrepreneurs are going ahead with plans to build new homes and hotels from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, yielding to the mystic lure of the sun that impelled the Goths across the Alps for centuries, and that inspired Goethe to ask yearningly *Kennst du das Land wo die Zitronen blühen?* (Do you know the land where the lemons bloom?).

Vienna in Switzerland. The most populous paradise for sun-starved Germans is the 200-mile strip of Spanish coastline along the Costa Brava and the Costa del Sol, where they have invested more than \$55 million in the past two years. Italy is still popular with Germans from Konrad Adenauer down; on the French Riviera real estate men say they are the best customers of all for three-room apartments priced at \$60,000 up. But many well-heeled Germans have fled to more pastoral retreats such as Switzerland, where the government reported last week that they

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had bought 50% of all real estate sold since January 1961. Swiss retreats have long been favored by such Top Germans as Steel Baron Heinrich von Thyssen, whose Lugano villa houses an art collection that has become a big tourist attraction. But many of the country's plush pads now belong to West Germany's top movie stars, including Curt Jürgens and Caterina Valente. After Nadja Tiller settled into a handsome hillside villa in Ticino, Actress Romy Schneider picked up a palatial lakeside château; not to be outdone, Romy's father bought a local café, installed a bevy of blonde waitresses and operated it for a while as a "Viennese dance hall."

Some of the shrewdest German buyers are flocking to the "Irish Riviera," as they call Eire's eastern counties, where farm land is almost one-fourth the price of comparable terrain in high-priced Germany. However, prices usually soar at the drop of a guttural. After failing to sell 67 rocky acres for \$1,000 in 1959, a County Cork farmer recently unloaded 15 of them for \$8,000. High prices and scarce land have also brought prosperity to con men. Last week on the Spanish coast, where in some places land has doubled in price to \$25 per square yard in one year, one of several convicted German swindlers was sentenced to jail for selling compatriots choice homesties on the ocean floor.

Beauty in Bavaria. One reason for the exodus, explains a German realty salesman, is that "Hitler and the war isolated us from the world." Says he: "Living abroad gives us a liberating feeling of belonging again." In fact, Germans abroad fraternize little with foreigners, prefer as a rule to segregate themselves in Teutonic villages that, except for sea air and plentiful help, could be summer suburbs of Stuttgart. Many buy land abroad in order to dispose of "black capital," as they call unreported income. Others frankly seek out areas that German real estate ads describe as "far from any crisis zone." One house hunter in County Galway wanted to know the prevailing wind. Told that it comes from the southwest, he beamed: "Good. It crosses 3,000 miles of sea. No atomic dust." However, most middle-income Germans reason that owning a resort cottage is simply a good investment; on their own vacations, they can save hotel bills, and later can usually rent their houses at a profit.

The ironic sequel to West Germans' hopes of "belonging to the world" is that GERMAN GO HOME signs have sprouted in Europe, largely as a result of a few ruthless speculators who boost prices, and the selfish Germans who despoil the scenery with barbed wire and *Verboten* signs. In Ireland, where onetime SS Hero Otto Skorzeny now raises prizewinning lambs, the clergy has even tried to persuade farmers that it is "patriotic" not to sell their land. One indignant priest, who had twice been chased off a German-owned beach, complained from the pulpit: "Has the day really come when an Irishman can't go for a swim in his own sea?" In tiny Ticino, Switzerland's only Italian-speaking canton, worried citizens formed

a militantly anti-German outfit called D.D.T. (for *Difesa del Ticino*). But despite a new law screening all foreign real estate purchases, the Germans now outnumber the Swiss in many areas. "The average Swiss," sighs one official, "can no longer afford to buy his own home."

German developers are scouting empyr Eldorados as far afield as Lebanon and Iran. However, some experts think the boom is already losing steam. One portent is that some of the most fashionable Germans are rediscovering West Germany. Areas such as the Black Forest and Bavaria, they report, are not only beautiful and easy to reach, but have one unique advantage over almost any other vacation spots in Europe: few Germans go there.



KIM & CHOI JOINED TOGETHER
Love is a many-troubled thing.

SOUTH KOREA

Babylon Is Not So Far

It was a familiar role for South Korea's favorite movie lovers, handsome Choi Moo Ryong, 34, and beautiful Kim Ji Mi, 24, who had co-starred in no fewer than 50 films. But this time the plot was straight improvisation, and strictly off-camera. When the Seoul public prosecutor reviewed their performance, he clapped them into prison on charges of adultery.

Adultery is a criminal offense in many parts of the world,* but arrests are rare, particularly where famous figures are involved. Choi was the Rock Hudson of Korea, idol of the pitgait set. Kim was once called by a Korean movie critic "the sweetest-looking girl in the free world." Both were married, to others.

Last March they were on location in

Hong Kong, and the resulting affair blazed through Korea's hot summer. Kim quietly divorced her husband, a director, a month ago. But Choi's wife, a Korean actress, brought charges of adultery. Still fired by the puritan zeal that Korea's new rulers made fashionable after their May 1961 coup, the prosecutor sent the pair off to Seoul's grim Sodaemun Prison in handcuffs. The news was a shocking disappointment to their fans. "Their immorality only evokes Hollywood," wrote one angry reader to a Seoul paper. "The helplessly corrupt Babylon of moviemaking, we've always thought, was so far away from us."

Last week Choi's wife suddenly dropped the charges, agreed to accept their four children and a lump sum of \$31,000 in alimony. Wan and unsmiling, the lovers emerged from prison. Kim hurried off to a hospital, complaining of "low blood pressure." Choi read an Oriental opaque statement saying the two would "now reconsider relations." In the meantime, because Korean stars are paid only \$2,500 a film for their assembly-line endeavors, both are planning to sell their houses so that they can pay off Mrs. Choi.

Back to the Barracks

Sensational as it was, the Kim-Choi scandal had to share the headlines with another story. After his swift coup in May 1961, General Park Chung Hee pledged that his 32-man junta would go back to the barracks "when all revolutionary tasks have been accomplished." The strongman, who so far has done an impressive job of ridding South Korea of corruption and creating a measure of economic stability, last week published a draft constitution that will restore civilian rule by next summer. But when Park goes back to the barracks, it will be merely to change into civvies and go on running things as before.

Like Pakistan's Ayub Khan, one of his heroes, Park has a soldier's contempt for politicians, would not dream of letting them ruin his work with their "parliamentary impotency." In addition to a popularly elected President, who will be chosen in March to a four-year term, the new constitution provides for a Premier whose role is limited to liaison man between the President and a unicameral legislature of 150 to 200 members who will have no veto powers over the executive. The President, on the other hand, is given enough power to make Charles de Gaulle look like a front man. Foremost candidate for the job: Park Chung Hee.

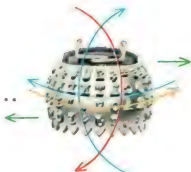
CONGO

How to Get Money

The year's neatest budgetary trick was pulled off last week by Katanga's Prestidigitator Moise Tshombe, who badly wanted \$40 million in Katangan currency to pay off old Congo war debts and keep his army in ammo. He merely closed all of Katanga's banks for the week, skimmed 5% off the top of all bank accounts, and then, to make sure no one was left out, gave landlords the choice of paying 50% of all rent revenue for the past six months or 5% of the total value of their property.

* In the U.S., 41 states have such laws: Arkansas, Louisiana, Nevada, New Mexico, Tennessee are without them. In New York, for example, adultery is punishable by a six-month jail term and/or a \$250 fine. But the laws are rarely invoked. In 1948, a year chosen for study, only 167 arrests were made in the whole country and of these, 242 were in Boston.

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SHULTON

PEOPLE

In Rome, Bishop Alfonso Carinci said his 27,800th Mass, then went home to mark the day with a quiet celebration. In Manhattan, Methodist Bishop Herbert Welch walked three blocks to his polling place to vote, then went home to prepare his speech for a party in his honor at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The two sturdy bishops—the oldest in their faiths—were both 100 years old.

Jouncing along in turbulent air at 38,000 ft., the Paris-to-Rome Caravelle jet flew into a vicious downdraft over the Apuane Alps, plummeted sickeningly before the pilot regained control. A stewardess was knocked unconscious and six passengers who had failed to fasten their seat belts were battered against the bulkhead. Among the most seriously injured, Italian Movie Producer Carlo Ponti, 48, husband-in-fact (if not by law) of Cine-mactress Sophia Loren, 28, whose badly cut right ear required 14 emergency stitches and 45 extra ones in plastic surgery. "Frightening," said Ponti, his head turbaned in bandages. "Luckily, Sophia wasn't on board."

Accepting his humptyninth award—the MacDowell Colony Medal from the Academy of American Poets—white-haired Poet Robert Frost, 88, fixed his affectionate audience with a mock-sincere twinkle in his eye and quite clearly said: "I wish my mother could see me now."

In the Wonderland of Manhattan's Four Seasons restaurant, seven precocious Alices tucked their curves into kiddie clothes at ex-Showgirl Gregg Sherwood Dodge's *Thank Heaven for Little Girls* fashion show to raise money for her pet charity—Girls' Town, U.S.A.—an as yet unbuilt Florida home for "abandoned" girls from ten to 18 years old. Onto a makeshift stage pranced such moppets as Actresses Susan Kohner, 25, Susan Stras-



MISS WORLD & RUNNERS-UP
Just the most beautiful there.

berg, 24, and Tisha Sterling, 17, daughter of Actress Ann Sothern; then came a formation of New York-Rome jet-settles led by *Harper's Bazaar* playgirl Christina Paolozzi, 22. All licked huge lollipops and cracked their bubblegum.

The sunset-pink gown was smashing all right, but it was Princess Margaret's new hairdo that set the crowd at London's glittering Dockland Settlements Ball atwitter. Obviously inspired by some Grecian yarn, it was swept abruptly back from her forehead and fixed with jewel-studded pins above and behind her ears. The effect was a kind of outsized ponytail with the ends curled back along Meg's shapely neck. "It can't be all her," whispered one Lady, smelling a royal rat. "Of course it's not," said another. Only her hairdresser knew for sure.

Under the discerning eyes of such distinguished beauty spotters as Comedian Hob Hope and Mrs. Jenifer Armstrong-Jones, Tony's stepmother, eight fetching

finalists paraded in London for the title of Miss World. Chosen: Catharina Lodder, 20, a green-eyed, 37-23-37, brunette fashion model from Holland. Said Catharina modestly: "I don't think I'm the most beautiful girl in the world... I am the most beautiful girl here."

"An alcohol-free way of life is the best way of life," insisted Mrs. T. Roy Jarrett, 62, a Methodist minister's wife from Richmond, Va., who was elected President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The W.W.C.T.U. was holding its 22nd triennial convention in New Delhi, India, and President Jarrett soon found that there was work to do. She was going to Jaipur to help her colleagues sniff out that city's consumption of potent *jag mohun* (110-proof) and *gulabi* (rose petal liquor). Her substitute for the boozy brews "a creative recreation program for young people which will enable them to know what beverage alcohol is and what it does."

Ill lay: Robert Montgomery, 58, actor and television producer, and Brigadier General David Sarnoff, 71, RCA board chairman, both in good condition after being parted from their gall bladders in separate Manhattan hospitals.

The sixth-place St. Louis Cardinals might be in need of new ideas, but hardly the kind served up by newly hired Consultant Branch Rickey, 80. The old Ma-hatma's idea—to retire Stan ("The Man") Musial, 41—produced such a roar that Club President August A. Busch Jr., 63, felt compelled to soothe the outraged fans. With a .330 batting average last season, Stan will stay as long as he likes—said Brewer Busch, and when he wants to quit he has a job as a Cardinal vice president. In St. Petersburg, Fla., sharpening up young hitters, Stan was imperturbable. "I won't retire, not in the shape I am in and hitting the ball the way I did this season. If the Cardinals don't want me, I know of some other clubs that do."



GREGG'S PARTY FOR ABANDONED GIRLS; THE TWO SUSANS (LEFT)
Thank heaven for not-so-little girls.

EDUCATION

An Educational Election

While swamping Richard Nixon in the California election last week, Governor Pat Brown saw another Democrat get ticked in an equally fascinating fight for the nominally nonpolitical job of state superintendent of public instruction. The winner was a formidable, get-back-to-fundamentals conservative, zesty Max Rafferty, 46, onetime superintendent of schools in a Los Angeles suburb, whose recent book, *Safer, Little Children*, argues in rococo prose that progressive education has led to "slobbism," and who calls for a spartan return to "sweat, service and sacrifice."

The job Rafferty won is a kind of organizational short circuit. California's state board of education, which sets policy, is appointed by the Governor. The state superintendent, who carries out board policy, is elected. Historically, the superintendent has been a dutiful administrator, but the setup also allows him to reflect popular feelings about education. Californians are unhappy about their schools' real or imagined proneness to progressivism, and the election was a chance to air the issue.

The liberal candidate for superintendent was Ralph Richardson, 44, a U.C.L.A. English professor and president of the Los Angeles school board, who argued for lively innovations in schools such as teaching machines and team teaching. Richardson described Rafferty as having "one of the finest minds of the twelfth century," snapped that Rafferty was running against "the ghost of John Dewey" rather than discussing current realities.

In 47 finger-waving debates Rafferty successfully fended off Richardson's charge that he was more interested in



UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA CAMPUS AT CHAPEL HILL
There's something in the air.

indoctrination than education. He flooded the state with RAFFERTY-adorned boys' T-shirts, plastered bumpers and billboards with stickers blazoning his symbols, a little red schoolhouse and an apple for teacher. He won by 237,834 votes, began setting up a committee to study the efficiency of his domain, the 2,700-employee state department of education.

In practice, Rafferty's influence will be limited by the powerlessness of his job. The state board of education, which now has to work through Superintendent Rafferty for the next four years, was stunned by his election: nine of its ten members had publicly endorsed Richardson. But the board certainly knew that the people wanted some changes made.

A Place for Purpose

At 40, Chief Machinist's Mate Richard McKenna was the very model of a seagoing sailor; he had joined the Navy during the Depression, served 22 years on everything from a river gunboat in China to a destroyer off Korea. In 1953 McKenna suddenly deep-sixed the old salt image. Stumbling on *Udellen*, he felt that his mind had been "in a deep freeze," decided to retire and become a writer. An old skipper charted his new course: go to the University of North Carolina, a good place for "a man with a purpose."

In 25 years at Chapel Hill, Sailor McKenna sped through 40 courses in science, literature and anthropology, made straight A's and Phi Beta Kappa. He staved on after graduation in 1956, married a university librarian ("for my complete set of Wordsworth," she murmurs), and toiled at a first novel about the 1911 revolution in China. The book, called *The Sand Pebbles*, has just become the \$10,000 Harper Prize novel of 1962, is a Book-of-the-Month choice for January and has been bought by Hollywood for a minimum of \$200,000.

Beauty & Freedom. In a sense, McKenna has only done what comes naturally at North Carolina, the first (1705) state university to open its doors. Chapel Hill boasts "something in the air" that inspires purpose. In part, the spur is natural beauty: a town built around a tree-shaded oasis of ivied Georgian buildings on 352 acres. Alumnus Thomas Wolfe fondly described "Pulpit Hill" in *Look Homeward, Angel* as "a provincial outpost of great Rome; the wilderness crept up to it like a beast."

The outpost has long subdued the beast with a Jeffersonian blend of what its citizens call "small town living and cosmopolitan thinking." Except for the five years that carpetbaggers closed it after the Civil War, the university has forged a freedom that makes it the conscience of North Carolina and the most enlightened state campus in the South.

Before World War I, the university launched the South's first great college extension service, which in turn inspired good highways, school libraries, medical schools, community drama and the North Carolina Symphony. The Institute for Research in Social Science dramatized Southern problems, helped spur TVA. The Institute of Government trains state and local officials at every level—judges, jailers, sheriffs, tax collectors. Spurning political interference, North Carolina de-segregated its graduate schools in 1951 and admitted Negro undergraduates in 1954. Last year Julius L. Chambers, the Negro son of an auto mechanic, scored the law school's highest grades, was made editor of the *North Carolina Law Review*.

Whisky & Writers. Chapel Hill is the sort of town where last year the P.T.A. came out for whisky—that is, using state liquor stores to support public schools. It values variety of opinion. It tolerates white students who join Negro sit-in pickets, and it tolerates W. C.



SUPERINTENDENT RAFFERTY
There's a call for change.

George, a retired medical professor who recently earned a \$3,000 fee from Alabama with a study "proving" the biological inferiority of Negroes. It is rightly proud of such alumni as President James K. Polk (1818), and wryly proud of such graduates as the late swindler Gaston B. Means (1922), described by Historian Archibald Henderson as "the most able, ingenious and imaginative criminal of the age."

Such tolerance, and a first-class library have long made Chapel Hill a haven for writers. While alumni range from Tom Wolfe to Columnist Robert Ruark, other writers choose Chapel Hill as an inspiring place to live. The late novelist James Street (*Tap Roots*) wrote, farmed and battled there for civil rights. So now does Pulitzer Prize-winning Playwright Paul Green (*In Abraham's Bosom*). Fighting just as hard in another cause—to save Chapel Hill's trees from builders' buzz saws—is arboreal Novelist Betty Smith (*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*).

Work to Do. Amid its blessings, Chapel Hill recently got a reminder from Basil Jones, a Negro janitor at the university that it still has work to do. Dismayed that some of his fellow janitors could not even sign their paychecks, Jones hit the faculty with the hard fact that North Carolina is the nation's sixth most illiterate state. Jones organized a remarkable adult education program, stressing the three R's: science, government, health and humanities. University scholars quickly donated films, books and lectures. It seemed to prove once again that Chapel Hill is the right place for "a man with a purpose."

Can the Faculty Save Ole Miss?

Had James Meredith lived in North Carolina, he might have entered an excellent state university by simply presenting his academic credentials. But Meredith wanted to be the first Negro to enter the University of Mississippi, in his home state, even if the schooling is not the best. The resulting riot and weeks of disquiet showed Ole Miss to be embarrassingly short of leadership. The chancellor proved to be a don't-rock-the-boat executive who did nothing to head off the riot, and then merely wrist-slapped offenders. The faculty has for years been equally meek. Now, in a dramatic reversal caused by Student Meredith's battle, the once apathetic faculty has snapped to and set about saving Ole Miss.

It has taken a lot of indignity to make the faculty turn. To hunt down possible integrationists, professors must sign yearly disclaimer affidavits, listing organizations to which they belong. Guest speakers are "screened," leading to such fatuous flaps as the barring of one scholar because he once entertained Negroes in his home. In 1950, a state legislator denounced 14 professors for teaching "apostasy and advocacy of integration." In one two-year period, 32% of the faculty quit.

Milk of the Crop. This pressure created a faculty that traditionally stayed out of trouble, heeding Chancellor John D. Williams' admonition to limit public discourse to "the area of your competence." Such restrictions were accepted because Ole Miss teachers are widely afflicted with what one of them calls the "associate professor syndrome"—they want only an undemanding job in which a man can almost retire. The syndrome attracts men willing to take low pay; salaries at Ole Miss average \$6,863 a year, as compared with \$7,934 at the not particularly munificent University of Alabama.

Unless a man has a social conscience, says one professor who does, "there is nothing here to bother him." Hunting and fishing are splendid; three-bedroom faculty houses rent for \$60 a month. Ole Miss has a few highly able students, as proved by the 19 Rhodes scholars that it has produced in 57 years. As for the oth-

Teachers began to move into this leadership vacuum on Oct. 1, the day after the Meredith riot, when some 20 of them volunteered statements to the FBI. They created a committee of nine, chaired by Classicist William Willis, to prod the administration to action against rioters. From the 60-odd members of the Ole Miss chapter of the American Association of University Professors came a resolution denouncing Mississippi newspapers for distorted riot reports.

As students armed with firecrackers and cherry bombs continued to harass Meredith and the U.S. marshals who guard him, the teachers got bolder. Incensed at the constant uproar, sick at heart of students yelling "nigger bastard," faculty wives started a telephone chain got 68 husbands to patrol the campus at night to cool hotheads. The chemistry department threatened to quit in a body. Teachers were tempted to give rugged



CHANCELLOR WILLIAMS AT MISSISSIPPI FACULTY MEETING
There's a new power of light.

ers, says History Professor James W. Silver: "In a sophomore class of 20, before the end of the first month I'm talking to only five. If the rest don't bother me, I don't bother them." More social than academic, Ole Miss is in essence an avenue to status in the state. The students are less the cream of the crop in Mississippi than the milk: good students go elsewhere, scholarly James Meredith being an exception.

Just a B.A., Please. Chancellor Williams, who arrived 16 years ago from a little-known public campus in West Virginia, well knows that white Mississippians want a school that returns its children after four years with no highfalutin unorthodox ideas—just a B.A., please. As a result, Williams has long "served" rather than led, is generally regarded by the faculty as "public-relations-conscious on a statewide basis."

daily tests to pacify rebels, and to flunk prime offenders, but both ideas were rejected on the ground that moral, not academic, pressure is the right approach. Now the faculty committee of nine meets daily to read student fever, assigns night patrols accordingly, and encourages classroom lectures on law and order.

In moving at last to action, the faculty has a powerful weapon: statewide fear that Ole Miss may yet lose accreditation when the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools meets at the end of this month. "If one teacher is fired for his views now," says History Professor Silver, "it will be curtains for the university." The faculty is thus free at last to make Ole Miss hew to law and learning. By all evidence, most professors are now solidly behind one colleague's summation.

The powers of darkness abound. It's up to us to work for the powers of light.

SPORT

The Phantom of Provo

When the football players at Brigham Young University, a big Mormon school in Provo, Utah, huddle before the game they do not pray for victory. "We just pray," says a player wryly, "that we'll come out in one piece." For 21 seasons the toothless Cougars were the pussycats of the Skyline Conference, winning only 69 of 203 games against such middling opposition as Wyoming, Montana, Utah State, B.Y.U., now belongs to the new Western Athletic Conference, and with only three victories in nine games, it is still the weakling of its league. But this season, the Cougars have grown at least one gleaming fang: a laconic, crewcut tailback named Eldon ("The Phantom") Fortie, whose record on offense is the best in college football.

In his first eight games, Fortie piled up 1,738 yds. running and passing. No other back came close to his total. Oregon's highly publicized Quarterback Terry Baker was 287 yds. behind; Miami's Ace Quarterback George Mira was 448 yds. away; and Northwestern's Tom Myers trailed Fortie by 375 yds. Fortie's touchdowns: twelve running, six passing, out of B.Y.U.'s 21. Last week, even though Brigham Young lost to Western Michigan, 28-20, Fortie stole the show: he gained 131 yds. on the ground (an average of 5.5 yds. per carry), passed for another 75 yds., and accounted for two touchdowns. "If Fortie were playing for a big-time team, they'd say he's the greatest player since Jim Thorpe," says Brigham Young's Coach Hal Mitchell. "And that's exactly what he is."

"Don't Feel Bad." Rival coaches may not go all the way with Mitchell's extravagant praise, but they have learned to wince whenever Fortie takes off. "When he's carrying the ball, you'd better figure on six or eight men getting in on the tackle. He'll wiggle away for sure if you don't," says Wyoming Coach Lloyd Eaton. A scrawny 168-pounder who could pass for the water boy, Fortie does not bulldoze

through the line; nor can he boast a scabbard's breakaway speed. But he has a knack for darting through holes, shifting direction and bouncing off tacklers. He also knows how to make the most of the run-or-pass option play in Coach Mitchell's old-fashioned single wing. "Fortie wouldn't be so hard to stop if you only knew what he was going to do," says one opposing player. "Tell the guy not to feel too bad," says Fortie. "I never know what I'm going to do either. If I see daylight, I run. If I see a receiver open, I pass."

An all-purpose halfback-quarterback at Salt Lake City's Granite High in 1958, Fortie drew only fleeting interest from college scouts. University of Utah boosters invited him to a recruiting luncheon, but the dinner was postponed. Utah State talent hunters asked him to a swimming party, took one look at his skinny body in swimming trunks and crossed him off. When less choosy Brigham Young offered him an athletic scholarship, devout Mormon Fortie jumped at the chance. As a sophomore at B.Y.U., he played second-string T-formation quarterback; last year, as a single-wing tailback, he was a sensation when he played, but he spent almost half of the season on the bench, nursing an injured ankle.

Now & Then. This year Fortie is at peak form—even if his team is not. Against George Washington, he picked up 272 yds. rushing; Brigham Young lost, 13-12. Against Arizona, he ran and passed for 143 yds., and B.Y.U. lost that one too, 27-21. But fortnight ago, when cellar-dwelling Brigham Young took on league-leading New Mexico, Fortie got some

unexpected help from the usually leaky B.Y.U. defense. He scored one touchdown, passed for two more, and outgained the entire New Mexico team 232 yds. to 107 yds. in an upset 27-0 victory. "I'd rather be on a winning team than be the nation's top ground gainer," says Phantom Fortie wistfully. "Now and then, of course, the two seem to be related."

The Head Knocker

"Golden Boy" was on the bench. Paul Hornung, triple-threat halfback, Most Valuable Player in the National Football League, was sidelined with torn ligaments in his right knee—and for three weeks all the fans saw of him were the cigarette ads on the backs of magazines. But the World Champion Green Bay Packers hardly noticed. The offense scored 86 points, the defense limited its opponents to 26, and the Packers (10-5 record; eight wins, no losses) continued unmolested toward their third straight Western Conference championship. Sportswriters asked George Halas, owner of the twice-victimized (19-0, 38-7) Chicago Bears, whether he thought the Packers could stay unbeaten all the way. Said Halas sourly: "That's their problem, not mine."

Nothing Artful. There was nothing artful about the Packers. Green Bay simply demolished its opponents. Coach Vince Lombardi sent in Guard Jerry Kramer to take over Hornung's place-kicking chores: Kramer booted five field goals in six tries and 16 straight extra points. Throwing the ball just often enough to keep enemy defenses opened up, Quarterback Bart Starr boasted the best completion percentage (63%) in the league. But with high-scoring (136 points last season) Halfback Hornung out of action, the man who carried the mail was log-legged, bull-headed Fullback Jim Taylor, who is without doubt the toughest player, pound for pound, in the National Football League.

"Football is a contact sport," says Taylor, who packs 215 lbs. on a 6-ft. frame. "You've got to punish tacklers—deal out more misery than they deal out to you." Taylor's personal philosophy is uncomplicated: "I like to knock heads." A driving, crablike runner, he always hits the line



FORTIE



TAYLOR



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precisely where he is supposed to—even when there is no hole ("I won't be intimidated"), never cuts when he can run down a tackler instead ("I like to sting them a little"). Crouched low to present the smallest possible target, Taylor uses his head like a battering ram, swings his free elbow with the authority of a mace.

Linebacker Bob Harrison of the San Francisco Forty-Niners, who strains the scales at 220 lbs., records a memorable collision. "One time, Taylor saw me waiting for him, and he ran right at me. I planted my feet wide apart to be as solid as possible, but he hit me so hard that I went right off my feet and landed on my back. That never happened to me before. Next thing I knew, he was picking me up." The New York Giants' Sam Huff says that stopping Taylor is so difficult that no amount of mayhem is unjustified. "They ought to relax the rules," complains Huff. "It's not right that you should get a penalty for piling on Taylor. You gotta pile on to keep him down."

Out of the Shadow. A onetime fullback at Louisiana State University, Jim Taylor, 27, is in his fifth pro season, and for four of those years, he has played in the shadow of Cleveland's great fullback, Jimmy Brown. In 1961, Taylor was runner-up to Brown in rushing (1,307 yds. to 1,408), and in the voting for all-star fullback. This year, Taylor is the man to beat. He leads all pro rushers with 934 yds. (Brown has only 561), is tied for fourth in scoring with 60 points; has averaged 6.1 yds. every time he carried the ball. Last week against the Chicago Bears, Taylor put on a one-man show that a Brown or a Hornung would be hard-pressed to match: he carried the ball 25 times, bulled for four touchdowns and 124 yds. The entire Chicago Bears backfield picked up only 65 yds. on the ground.

Who Won

► Wisconsin's inspired Badgers, aiming for the Big Ten title: a stunning, 37-6 victory over previously unbeaten Northwestern, the nation's No. 1-ranked college football team. Trailing 3-0 at the half, second-ranked Alabama came back for 23 points in the third quarter, trounced Miami, 36-3. Undefeated Southern California moved a step closer to the Rose Bowl by walloping Stanford, 39-14. In major upsets, Notre Dame beat Pittsburgh, 43-22; Purdue defeated Michigan State, 17-0; Oklahoma State downed Army, 12-7; and Harvard trounced Princeton, 20-0.

► Poker-faced Willie Shoemaker, 31, top U.S. jockey with 301 victories in 1962, who says that he is "too old to care any more" about the U.S. riding title that he has won five times: New Jersey's \$273,530 Garden State Stakes, richest horse race in the East, aboard George D. Widener's Crewman. Sent off by the bettors at 4-1, Crewman held the lead throughout the 1 1/4-mile race, romped to an easy six-length victory. Never Bend, the 1-2 favorite, finished a distant third. Shoemaker pocketed his 10% cut of the winner's \$164,118 purse and went home to California for a vacation.



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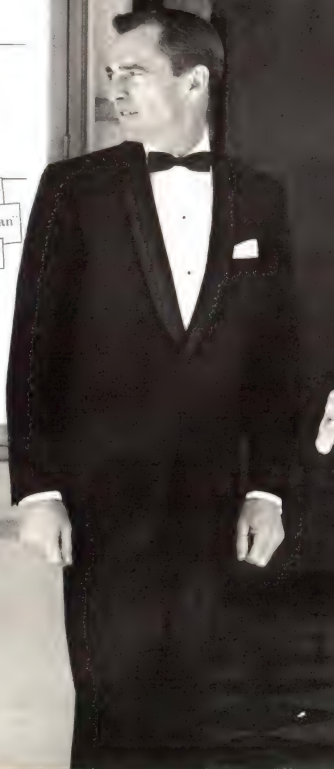
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KNOEDLER'S HIRSHHORN EXHIBITION
In an air of Old World gentility.

Best Show in Town

Once, when asked by a visitor to recommend the "best show in town," a New Yorker would automatically suggest *My Fair Lady* or *Naughty Marietta* or the Statue of Liberty, or some girl like that. Today, the most eye-filling show in town—free and continuous—takes place in art galleries (see color on following four pages) that begin on Tenth Street, line 57th Street and sweep up the East Side, mostly along Madison Avenue, to the high 80s.

The proliferation is a recent development in the city's history, having mostly been started since World War II. The galleries come in all shapes and sizes, vary in their wares from old masters to the much-publicized "pop art" to flagrant fakes. No one knows exactly how many galleries there are: nearly 200 were listed in *Art News* this month. The blue-chip galleries, however, whether young or old, way out or traditional, can almost be counted on the fingers of five hands.

The Aristocrats. The galleries with the most formidable pedigrees are Duveen, Wildenstein, Knoedler and Paul Rosenberg. Duveen is run by courtly Edward Fowles, 77, who in 1895 noticed a "Boy Wanted" sign in the window of London's Duveen gallery, walked in and was promptly hired by Joseph Duveen himself. In 1939 Fowles took over in Manhattan (the London gallery closed during World War II, the Paris gallery shortly after).

The name of Lord Duveen will always be associated with the names of Mellon and Morgan and Kress, and today it is still true that a Duveen customer should be something more than merely solvent. Prices range from \$850 for an illuminated manuscript page from a 15th century book to \$500,000 for a Giorgione. But buying an old master is not a prerequisite for enjoying the treasures Lord Duveen stashed away during his incredible career. On a

Saturday the gallery is usually jammed with art lovers of every age and income perhaps dropping in to see a small but appealing exhibition of medieval and Renaissance sculpture such as the one on view last week. Since Fowles has little love for modern art, he does not deal with it. "The antiquities go up and down," he says in the manner of his late boss. "But they always sell."

One of the best exhibitions in town last week was at *M. Knoedler & Co.* It was a show, organized by the American Federation of Arts, of 75 paintings from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn. But then, Knoedler's frequently has good shows, for among the artists it represents are Henry Moore, Andrew Wyeth, Etienne Hajdu, Lynn Chadwick and the abstract painter Vieira da Silva. Knoedler's has

been in business since 1846, and the elegant mansion it occupies lends an air of Old World gentility to the business transacted in damask-walled rooms upstairs. President E. Coe Kerr Jr. says he will deal in "everything in paintings and sculptures," provided they are good. Prices range from \$100 for a Chadwick drawing to \$400,000 for a Cézanne. Whatever the price, a customer can have confidence that his purchase will be authentic: five full-time librarians do little else but trace the history of every item bought or sold.

George Wildenstein, known to his 25-man staff as "M. Georges," does much of his own sleuthing. Nothing delights him more than to work in his office after closing hours and pore over what has become one of the largest collections of auction catalogues in the world. Occasionally, Wildenstein's may have an item, say, a quick sketch by Mary Cassatt, for as little as \$100; from there the prices soar up to six figures. As an exhibition hall, the gallery has led a double life. On its fifth floor it has put on an average of five benefit shows a year that were of museum caliber: this week an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian" will display a number of masterpieces never shown in public before.

Paul Rosenberg & Co. is especially strong on 19th and early 20th century French art. It is wont to put on small retrospectives of such artists as Ingres and Sisley—a legitimate practice among dealers to boost the public interest in a particular artist as well as to provide a public service. Among living artists it represents are Kenneth Armitage, Karl Knaths and Graham Sutherland.

Rooms at the Top. The big four are by no means the only places in Manhattan to buy a masterwork. For certain living masters—Miró, Giacometti or Balthus, for instance—the place to go is the gallery owned by *Pierre Matisse*, son of

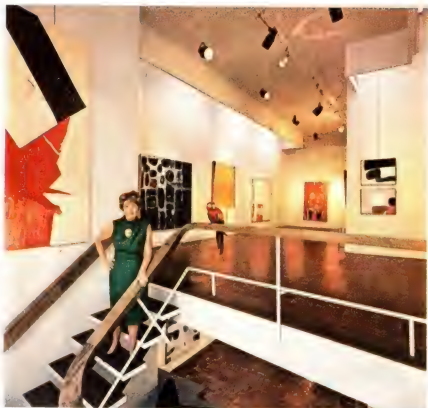


GALLERYGOERS ON MADISON AVENUE
In all shapes and sizes.

A GALLERY OF GALLERIES IN MANHATTAN

MARTHA JACKSON, advancing with the advance guard, is shown against background of abstractions by Alfred Leslie (above stairs) and William Scott (on walls in rear).

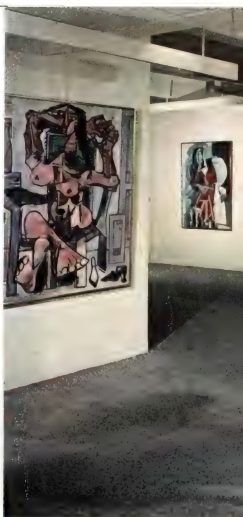
GRACE BORGENTICHT sits in gallery with paintings by Curbett, Ippolito, Jimmy Ernst. Sculptures are by Luginbueh (left), Baskin (background) and De Rivera (foreground).





ALEXANDRE ROSENBERG, president of Art Dealers Association of America, runs house founded by his

grandfather. Paintings are by Peter Kinley, (left wall) and Robert Keyser, sculpture by Oronzio Maldarelli.



BETTY PARSONS was one of first to champion postwar abstract art, presides over barnlike gallery on East

57th Street. Works are by Kawabata, Ellsworth Kelly, Kenzo Okada, Seymour Lipton and Pousette-Dart.





SAM KOOTZ, shown with wife at Picasso show in gallery on Madison Avenue, is only U.S. dealer with direct access to the great painter.

EVANS - GUNAR



SIDNEY JANIS, across hall from Parsons, sells everyone from Mondrian to Pollock, is shown with works by Gottlieb.



DEAN OF WOMEN DEALERS. Edith Gregor Halpert, handles mostly established U.S. artists. Sculpture is by Zorach, paintings by Rattner, Kuniyoshi, Demuth, Weber, O'Keefe.

HOUSE OF DUVEEN, founded by father of fabled Lord Duveen, is run by Edward Fowles, retains atmosphere of days when his lordship made his most spectacular sales.



Painter Henri Matisse. The *Perls Galleries* represent Calder and Archipenko, and they do a reputable business in "painters of the Picasso generation" like Braque, Modigliani, Soutine and Utrillo. *Catherine Viviano* on East 57th Street is strong on modern Italians like Afro and Cremonini, but she also represents the surrealist Kay Sage and the estate of Max Beckmann.

One of the more eclectic of the better dealers is polyglot *George Staempfli*, whose wares range from the elegant wired constructions of Harry Bertoina to the thick figure paintings of the late David Park to the haunting geometry of Painter Attilio Salemmi. *Otto Gerson* deals mostly in first-rate sculpture from Barlach to David Smith. The *Willard Gallery* (Feininger, Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, Sculptor Richard Lippold) is excellent; so is John Bernard Myers' *Tibor de Nagy Gallery*, whose artists include Larry Rivers, Robert Goodnough and Fairfield Porter. In the print field, the sightseer or collector can do no better than start at the *A.L.I. Gallery* on Fifth Avenue, which has the most catholic assortment in town. The *Seiferheld Gallery* is a good starting place for old-master drawings.

American Dream. In the promotion of top American art Alfred Stieglitz was the great pioneer, five decades ago. If Stieglitz has an heir it is Edith Gregor Halpert, whose *Downtown Gallery* (originally downtown but now located on East 51st Street) opened in 1926 with three artists that Stieglitz had turned over to her: John Marin, Charles Demuth, and Stieglitz' wife, Georgia O'Keeffe. In addition to the works of these three, Dealer Halpert also sells the paintings of the late Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Arthur Dove and Max Weber. Other artists on this formidable roster: Ben Shahn, Abraham Rattner, Charles Sheeler, Stuart Davis and Sculptor William Zorach—a generation so firmly established that it is hard to realize that they were barely known when the gallery first opened. Two of Mrs. Halpert's former assistants opened galleries of their own with artists that she turned over to them; they are *Charles Alan* and *Lee Nordness*, the man who assembled the immediately famous Johnson Collection (TIME, Sept. 7).

Until the end of World War II, Edith Halpert was just about the only woman dealer; now there are many. One striking figure in the invasion is *Grace Borgenicht*, whose excellent gallery shares a building with Bella Fishko's no-nonsense *Forum Gallery* and Mrs. Jill Kornblum's oilbeat *Kornblum Gallery*. A sometime painter herself, Grace Borgenicht began going around with a crowd of artists in 1947 that included Jimmy Ernst, Gabor Peterdi and Milton Avery. All three joined up with her when she opened her gallery in 1951. To these she has added such stars as Leonard Baskin, Sculptor José de Rivera and more recently, the veteran Paul Burlin.

The Modernists. More than any other dealer, *Betty Parsons* is credited with bringing abstract art to its present status. She opened in 1946 with about 13 artists,



ANDY WARHOL OPENING AT THE STABLE GALLERY
It's a long way from Giorgione.

including the even then venerable Hans Hofmann and Ad Reinhardt. She gave one-man shows to Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Clyfford Still and Barnett Newman. The public was either indifferent or hostile at first, but Betty Parsons got an unexpected boost her first year from a most unlikely source. "Anyone who wants to spend \$100 or \$150 for a picture by one of the younger American abstractionists may eventually own a masterpiece," cooed Elsa Maxwell in one of her columns. "Some dissenters scream, 'Hang the abstractionists!' I echo: 'Certainly, but why not hang them on your walls?'" One dealer who enthusiastically agreed was *Charles Egan*, who gave De Kooning and Franz Kline their first one-man shows.

Virginia-born *Sam Kootz*, who now has Hans Hofmann was also an early champion of nonobjective art. A onetime lawyer and then adman, he was writing about American art as far back as 1910, became convinced that the wave of the future in art lay in the U.S. and that the U.S. should start paying attention. And so, in 1945 he signed up Robert Motherwell and William Bazotes, packed them off to Florida to paint. Later, Adolph Gottlieb and Sculptor David Hare joined the list. Kootz refused to take Pollock and when he began adding such foreign names as Soulages and Mathieu to his gallery (he has long been Picasso's U.S. dealer), some of his more American-minded artists left. But it is a fact that Kootz has all he can handle with the 15 artists he has, including James Brooks, Marca-Relli, Kyle Morris and Kumi Sugai.

Sidney Janis, the onetime shirt manufacturer who also turned to writing about art, has had in some ways an even more spectacular career. Janis is not known among his colleagues as a discoverer, but

he has a good eye for properties that others have already started on their way. It was to Janis that Pollock finally went and so did Gottlieb, Motherwell and Willem de Kooning. Last week Janis was the cause of a good deal of speculation with his big new show of "pop art." Instead of the masters of abstractionism, he has gooey cakes of painted plaster by Claes Oldenburg, blown-up comic strips by Roy Lichtenstein, rearranged billboards by James Rosenquist, portraits of cans of soup by Andy Warhol. Janis has apparently spotted a new handwagon—but he did not discover pop art.

A share of the credit for that goes to *Martha Jackson*, the most deceptively scatterbrained dealer in the business. In between shows of her soberer artists such as John Hultberg, Paul Jenkins and the Spaniard Tapias, she has turned her gallery over to "happenings" and "environments," once even allowed her entire backyard to be filled with tires in the name of art. She could well be called the bridge between the established abstractionists and the new wave that the *Castelli Gallery* and later the *Green, Stone and Stable* galleries have encouraged.

From Giorgione to Oldenburg is a long way; but Manhattan goes the whole route. A crazy art critic once estimated that, with the galleries normally putting on about ten exhibitions a year of anywhere from 20 to 50 items, the number of art works that could be seen in the course of a New York season would be anywhere from 40,000 to 100,000. Even if there were only the top galleries and the handful of others that while uneven in performance, are still honest and earnest, a person would be hard put to see Manhattan's biggest, splashiest, dottiest, noblest and most beautiful show in its entirety.

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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

The New New Garland

It was a time, if ever there was one, for the fit. It was time for all the attractively nervous and neurotic gestures, twitches and gloom, that have long characterized the performances of Judy Garland. She came on stage last week in Chicago's great Arie Crown Theater and, after telling the 5,000 people there that she was so happy she just wanted to sing, started out with *Hello Bluebird*. *Bluebird* got stuck in her throat. She hacked and coughed and failed to clear it. "The bluebird is in a little trouble," she said cheerfully.

Then her voice cracked in the middle of the last note of *Da Da Again* and she shouted, "Oh, damn it." She walked off-stage and came back with a glass of water and a peppermint Life Saver. She cleared her throat, roughed, sipped water, sucked on the Life Saver, sat on the piano bench and said amicably, "Why don't you people just mill around for awhile."

New Wardrobe. When she got up, she tore through "Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixie melody," hit all the right spots and drew a tightrope champion's applause when she reached the other end. Singing *Scissors*, she pointed to an imaginary note high in the air, raised her sights, and shot

clean hole right through the middle. More applause. With a trip offstage for throat spray, she went on, getting better and better, until at the end some 100 people rushed the stage to shake her hand.

Where once she might have been expected to come apart like a sleeping pill in a puddle, she had turned near disasters into comedy skits and had brought off a remarkable performance despite a condition locally known as Chicago throat. She looked different, too. The wattles and jewels were gone. She has lost more than 100 lbs., now weighs 102, but when someone asks her how much weight she has lost, she says, "About 185 lbs."—i.e., her former husband. Producer Sid Luft. Instead of the familiar semi-kinoma paunch-hiding maternity robes, she was wearing tight skirts and ski pants.

Life Begins. "I think right now is possibly the best time of my life," says Judy Garland III. "I'm really starting to do my best work. I have three marvelous children, and I think I have a brand-new career opening up. Things have been different since my hepatitis attack in 1959 when they told me I might not live. I guess I was so concerned about my liver that I didn't have time to worry about anything else. Also, I turned 40 a few months ago and when you hit that stage you feel that maybe now people won't think of you as a stupid backward child that you wind up and send out on a stage to sing."

She describes her new way of life as "halfway between a nun and an athlete." On concert days she goes into total seclusion ("like Stalin lying in state"), and when the awaited hour comes near she does laps backstage to warm up. "I'm not

a half child any more," she burbles. "Before, nobody ever let me do anything for myself. Everybody took care of things for me. First my mother, then my husband. Oh, the early days at M-G-M were a lot of laughs. It was all right if you were young and frightened—and we stayed frightened. Look at us—Lana Turner, Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney and me—we all came out of there a little ticky and kooky."

"Now I'm getting a little too old to be towed around. I'm out of debt, and it's a



JUDY GARLAND IN CHICAGO
No ticky, no kooky.

nice feeling to have money in the bank. I have inner satisfaction and peace of mind for a change. I'm doing my best living now and I'm very optimistic. I have a lot of things to look forward to."

TELEVISION

Election Coverage

A national election has always been high drama, but it is also becoming a good show. If so, it is due to television, which has accustomed voters to a panoply of gadgetry, punditry and minute-by-minute scoring to a degree unequalled in the past. Where else can the voter see the uncertain candidate of the early evening, the beamish victor of midnight, the sour loser of the early morning facing the ordeal by camera with his character showing?

It is also one of the few times when the networks are in direct, visible competition on the same story, and all of them committed bigger sums than ever to the one-night stand. NBC spent an estimated \$1,000,000 to \$2,500,000. CBS roughly the same, and ABC, under the goading of its new vice president, Jim Hagerty,



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had boosted its outlay to \$800,000.

As the networks recognize, the stakes are impalpable but high. Thus when Chet Huntley and David Brinkley scored for NBC in 1960, NBC magically swept past CBS to become the top network in most other respects as well. This year, Huntley and Brinkley were again perched on their high platform, but they appeared to have been incarcerated up there for 24 months. Brinkley's celebrated eye for the wry seemed a little bloodshot. "Now let's check the RCA 501 computer, which has just had its 2:30 feeding," he wined. It was a sort of amusing remark—but somehow not as fresh as it was two years ago when he said: "Our 501 has just had its 2 o'clock feeding of warm election statistics."

Open Intercom. That fairly well symbolized the trouble with NBC this year. The network's "Dewline" tabulation—a system that stationed NBC stringers in hundreds of voting districts—was swift and often ahead of the competition. At 7:35 p.m., for instance, NBC had 24% of the Connecticut senatorial vote, while CBS had only 15% and ABC 8%. But the commentary of NBC's public-affairs stars, from Huntley and Brinkley to Merrill Mueller, Frank McGee, Sander Vanocur, John Chancellor *et al.*, lacked yeast. Brinkley may have had something when he said that the computer was likely to replace them all.

CBS was the most interesting. Anchorman Walter Cronkite never cranked better, their Precinct Profile Analysis matched NBC's Dewline, and there was an easygoing rapport in the air as Cronkite nonchalantly tossed the ball to Eric Sevareid, Harry Reasoner, David Schoenbrun or Charles Collingwood. ABC hugely improved its coverage and managed to run a poor third, giving too much time to dull human analysis while the network's computer was failing to get a word in edgewise.

There were some general shortcomings. Recapitulations of early defeats and victories were either scarce or nonexistent. This was partly the result of all three networks' New York-based parochialism. NBC noted Rockefeller's victory in New York as early as 7:30 and left it almost unmentioned thereafter, forgetting that at that time it was still only 5:30 Mountain time and many viewers had not even gotten home from work. California viewers, flipping on their sets after dinner around 9 o'clock (midnight in New York), had a hard time finding out who had won in Ohio or Pennsylvania.

Whispering Brain. The real heroes of the night were, in the end, the computers. Programmed to understand the significance of voting patterns, and focused on key precincts, the machines stood firm in the face of contrary superficial evidence. Where reporters of old might have said breathlessly, "It looks like Swagbottle in Idaho, he has an 80,000-vote lead," computers note that he didn't show enough strength in Boise to carry the rest of the state and kiss Swagbottle goodbye.

Some viewers objected. On the strength

of electronic projections, the NBC "Decision Desk" and its CBS counterpart were passing out Senate seats and governorships early, creating the illusion that television had seized national power. But the computers were deadily accurate.

CBS's handsome, well-groomed IBM 1410 was clearly the champion at this game. At 10:05 p.m. E.S.T., 1410 swallowed two names and two numbers—George Romney, with 216,000 recorded votes, and John Swainson, with 310,000, in Michigan's gubernatorial race—and flatly declared that Romney would be the next Governor. At 10:10, ABC said, "It's going to be extremely close in Michigan. Predictions are fifty-fifty." At 10:17, NBC was only willing to say: "It's neck



CBS's HARRY REASONER & COMPUTER
It may replace them all.

and neck in Michigan." Having scored standing up, CBS kicked the extra point at 10:55, when, on camera, they stuck a wire in Pat Brown's ear in California and the giant computer in New York whispered to him: "It looks like Brown."

Desiloot

Whatever happens in later life to a girl (from upper New York State who specializes in playing sexy, empty-headed red heads? She becomes a tycoon.

Last week Lucille Ball, 51, now stuffed with cash from ear to ear, bought out her ex-husband Desi Arnaz for \$2,000,000 and change, becoming the new president of Desilu Productions, Inc., one of the largest and most successful TV producing units in Hollywood (*The Lucille Ball show, Fair Exchange, The Untouchables*). Ex-President Desi wants to get out of show business and dive more deeply into his horse breeding, country club and real estate interests. He is leaving Lucy with 52% of a company now valued at \$20 million, a figure that almost exactly equals the pile that Desi and Lucy accumulated on *I Love Lucy*.



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THE PRESS

Second in Miami; First on Cuba

Cuba kept on simmering, and the White House kept on patrolling the news with the same steely determination that had put a naval blockade in the Caribbean. But one U.S. daily seemed totally undisturbed by the specter of Government news control.

Without any handouts or help from Washington, where it does not even keep a reporter, the Miami evening News has been steadily producing some of the best Cuban coverage in the U.S. A full two weeks before President Kennedy alerted the nation to the presence of offensive Russian missiles in Cuba, the News had the story on Page One: SOVIETS BUILD 6 CUBAN MISSILE BASES. Hours before the White House response to this new threat, the News headlined—CUBA BLOCKADE IN THE WORKS? By 90 minutes, it beat a Defense Department statement that Cuba-bound Soviet ships were turning back. Where does the News get such intelligence? "Whenever anyone asks me that," said Editor William Calhoun Baggs last week, "I just say a little roseate spoonbill told us."

A Bunch of Individuals. For all its fast journalistic footwork, the News is undeniably Miami's second daily. The paper's circulation of 145,261, while steadily rising, is less than half that of Miami's dominant morning Herald (320,547). The News trails hopelessly in ad lineage, 7,533-713 to the Herald's 21,376,317 (for the first half of 1962). It runs about 125 daily columns of news to the Herald's 200, musters an editorial staff of 100 to the Herald's 173. But such odds have only inspired the News to act as if it were the first, best, biggest and only paper in town.

Its self-confidence is very much the image of its deceptively easygoing editor. By newsroom standards, Bill Baggs, 40, makes an ideal boss. He keeps a brass cuspidor within reachable trajectory of his desk, shows visitors the bullet hole that some disgruntled subscriber drilled through his office window, and lets his staffers strut their stuff. "Hell, I don't have much to do," he says, and proves it by writing a daily column and occasional editorials, and by often accompanying his men on out-of-town assignments. "The best ideas that show up in the paper come from guys out in the newsroom. What we don't have is a team. We have a bunch of individuals."

Baggs is the most individual of the bunch. He is a Southerner by birth, son of a well-to-do Atlanta Ford dealer, but his convictions know no geography. His outspoken views on the race issue have antagonized Floridians from Jacksonville to Key West. "There is nothing much but anguish," wrote Baggs in a typical News editorial, "when you feud with so many of your readers and friends. But there are times when you have no other choice. Which brings us quickly to the practice of

enforced segregation in the public schools of Florida. It is wrong." His opinion—pull such a heavy poison-pen response from racists that Baggs requisitioned a rubber stamp to answer most of the letters. The stamp reads: "This is not a simple life, my friend, and there are no simple answers."

When Baggs took over as editor in 1957, the News was a rusty link in the six-paper chain founded by James M. Cox, onetime Ohio Governor and 1920

is now a fixture of the state's political scene. One by one, candidates for office appear before a six-man News editorial board of examiners, and the candidates' performances determine the paper's endorsements. Impartiality is the inviolable rule. Although Baggs sits in on inquiries, the board once passed over a close personal friend of his to endorse another man for local office.

An Enviable Record. A realist, Baggs recognizes the uphill odds he faces against the Herald. "That big thing down the street," says he, "is a good newspaper." It is. Its Latin American coverage is su-



THE NEWS'S BILL BAGGS
A little roseate spoonbill tells him.

Democratic candidate for President. Compared to the powerful Herald, the News looked—and was—mortally ill. To save it, Publisher James M. Cox Jr., son of the chain's founder, reached deep into the paper's ranks, came up with exactly the right man.

A former B-24 pilot who joined the News in 1946, and worked up from reporter to political columnist, Baggs came on strong. He cleared the staff of deadwood, from managing editor on down, ultimately firing 15% of his staff. Of Cox, he demanded and got complete editorial command. He changed the paper's masthead slogan from "Today's News Today" to "Best Newspaper Under the Sun." To staffers he said: "We're going to try to smuggle a little scholarly journalism into the paper too." Unequipped to compete with the Herald's news-entertaining army, he focused sharply on the significant news, added interpretive stories and a Sunday news-review section.

Baggs once sent two staffers on a whimsical 3,000-mile round trip to Montreal just to examine some honest-to-goodness snow. But most of his decisions made sense. The Baggs pre-election inquisition

prior to the News's, which gets along mostly on the hunches and the contacts of Latin American Editor Hal Hendrix, who almost never leaves Miami. In contrast, the Herald regularly sends men south of the border, often in teams, has a Latin American circulation (at \$1 per air-mailed copy) of nearly 5,000 that goes as far south as Chile. Although not quite as bold as the News on the race issue,² the Herald has an equally lustrous record of crusading. Its politics—Republican at the national level, usually Democratic at the local level—goes down well with Floridians, who gave their vote to the Republican candidate in the last three presidential elections. The Herald has not endorsed a Democrat for President since Roosevelt.

Nourished by Baggs, the keen editorial rivalry between the Herald and the News has given Miami what few other U.S. cities of similar size can boast: two good dailies. Although the News may never overtake the Herald, Editor Baggs can at least stake claim to a record that other second-ranking papers might well envy. By almost any measure, Baggs's Miami News is the best second-best newspaper in the U.S.

¹ Also the slogan of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch—which thought of it first.

² In the Herald, white cops are always "policemen"; Negro cops are always "patrolmen."

Enough is as Good as a Feast

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

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My old friend Tom Basham used to tell about his Aunt Liza who always insisted that every one at the table take two biscuits to butter while hot.

Taking her at her word, one big-appetited guest was working on his fourth pair. The fifth time around, the maid asked Liza if she'd like another helping.

"No, indeedy!" she sniffed. "I've already ate two and that's aplenty for us little pigs!"

Now our special kind of kitchen is a small old fashioned family distillery. And our special kind of biscuit is a hand-made, full-flavored, sour-mash bourbon that tastes so good as to encourage a bit of overindulgence now and then.

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Our OLD FITZGERALD is slow made, slow aged, on a private recipe that has been our prized family possession for three generations. It is never bottled under 6 years of age and never less than mellow 100 proof.

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Pouring from the bottle at full-flavor proof, you compensate in deeper enjoyment what you may wisely wish to limit in total number of drinks.

We invite you to join an inner circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered greater pleasure in fewer but better drinks, thus leaving some biscuits on the platter and some FITZGERALD in the bottle, to later share in moderation with associates and friends.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
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REPORTERS ATTENDING BISHOPS' CONFERENCE AT VATICAN
List want the world to learn what's happening

The Prelates & the Press

Q. The Vatican communiqué says that "difficulties of a practical and hygienic nature prevented in the matter of restoring the practice of administering Communion under two species." What does that mean?

A. If the faithful passed the chalice from mouth to mouth, how could you keep from passing on the lipstick as well?

Q. The communiqué had something about the need for making some sacraments more intelligible. Which sacraments?

A. Well, baptism, for example. The ceremony now has so many archaic aspects that are hardly understood. Matrimony, which has such a strange ceremony in the Roman rite. Penances, English, rather than Latin, would help in all this, of course.

Such forthright exchanges take place daily for English-speaking newsmen covering the Roman Catholic Church's Eucharistical Council in Rome. The reporters gather in a building just around the corner from St. Peter's, where, in response to questions, a panel of U.S. bishops and church authorities sheds what light it can on the council's terse and generally uninformative news bulletins.

The informal theological seminary was the bishops' own idea. Dean of the school is William Fanning, editor of the New York diocesan weekly, the Catholic News. The faculty whose number varies from eight to twelve, included some official council delegates with impressive qualifications for interpreting and expanding the council's meager releases.

Going to School. The U.S. bishops' school for reporters is evidence of mild ecclesiastical protest against the secrecy that is supposed to cloak the conference. The result did set up a press office in Rome. The Msgr. Ernesto Vardone, a Vatican clerk, expressed no doubt press officers sometimes mislead by distorting the official wire page bulletins in their own interests.


To the 300-odd newsmen still in Rome, the handouts are often worse than useless. Designed to report on each day's council conference after its close, the bulletins are sometimes written 24 hours in advance and they are far from reliable. "What did the communiqué say today?" a prelate asked a reporter. "Well, perhaps that's true," he said, after puzzling over the reporter's reply, "but it's really misleading. What the communiqué did reflect clearly was Msgr. Vaillanc's outspoken attitude. We don't need the press."

Nor is the official secrecy successful. Italian newsmen seek out Italian prelates—some of whom cheerfully tell them what the Vatican will not; many other clerics have followed this Roman example. And any frustrated reporter can attend unofficial briefings staged by Father Ralph Wiltgen, director of a news service for the Divine Word, a Catholic missionary order. Father Wiltgen distributes his own informative handouts, holds press conferences at which the speaker is usually a council delegate. Last week Father Wiltgen produced Bishop Antonio de Castro Mayer of Campos, Brazil. "I just want the world to learn what's happening," says he.

Spirit of Conflict. Rome itself is sharply divided over the issue of the world's right to know. Recently the Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of New York, criticized the press for treating the council as a political convention. At a special Mass in Rome he inveighed against the "spirit of tension, conflict, opposition and disdain for truth" that seemed, to him at least, to characterize coverage of the council. The only way to report accurately, said Bishop Sheen, was religiously and sacramentally.

Bishop Sheen was promptly taken to task by Harold Fey, editor of the non-denominational Protestant weekly, the Christian Century. Even Pope John XXIII, Editor Fey reminded the bishop, has stated that "the church has nothing to hide. Should the Pope have to choose

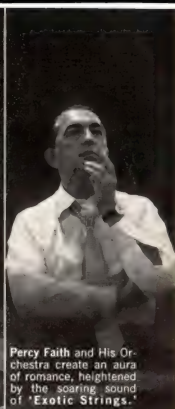


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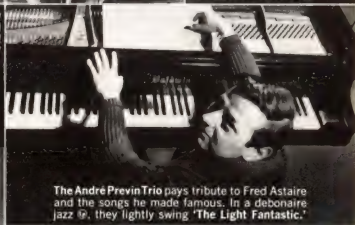
Percy Faith and His Orchestra create an aura of romance, heightened by the soaring sound of 'Exotic Strings.'




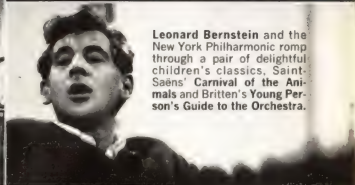
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Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray head the party on this Original Broadway Cast Recording of Irving Berlin's 'Mr. President.'



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he would, in Fey's opinion, "cast his weight on the side of press freedom and responsibility." Bishop Sheen seems not to understand that "the council is necessarily political as well as religious." Fey concluded, Dutch Bishop Willem van Bakkum also joined in the call for more cooperation with reporters. "The church is in council," he said, "but 99% of the church doesn't know what's happening. They can only know through the press."

What the U.S. hears about the council through its press, though, is steadily diminishing. After marking the opening last month with a generous spread of stories, U.S. papers have since lost interest. Even in cities with large Catholic populations, most papers now rely mostly on wire service coverage, trimmed drastically and buried on an inside page. The ranks of U.S. reporters sent to Rome are melting away.

Hopefully, the Ecumenical Council itself may cure its own historic distrust of the press. High on the council's agenda is a re-examination of the role of the Roman Catholic Church in forming public opinion. Before convening the council, Pope John XXIII enjoined assembled newsmen to be objective and accurate, but he also acknowledged their vital role as interpreters of council affairs. "It is essentially a great religious event," said Pope John, "and it is our earnest hope that you may help to make this fact well known."

Still in Trouble?

After eight days, the strike was over. The nation's biggest newspaper, the New York Daily News, hastened back into print. News President and Publisher F. (for Francis) M. Flynn was "thrilled" at seeing his paper "come alive again," complete with written synopses of events in the lives of Dick Tracy *et al.* that News comic-strip buffs had missed.

Why the News felt so good about everything was not easy to discern. After a show of stubbornness, it yielded to the striking New York Newspaper Guild on nearly every contested point, including dues checkoff (automatic payroll deduction of Guild dues). Even the wage settlement in the new two-year contract—ranging from \$3.50 a week more for copy boys to \$10.50 for reporters—was far nearer the Guild's original demand than management's first offer. The News also suffered another embarrassment. The New York Times, not directly involved in the strike, was actively involved in ending it. It was at the request of the Times that U.S. Labor Secretary W. Willard Wirtz rushed to Manhattan to lend his authority to a settlement.

Nor did the end of the News strike necessarily mean an end to trouble. The nine printing craft unions found the terms accepted by the Guild "not satisfactory." Said Bertram A. Powers, president of Typographers Local No. 6: "It would be a colossal mistake for the publishers to expect to impose this settlement on the craft unions." This was a frank threat that New York's seven dailies may be in for further problems next month, when most of the trade union contracts expire.



Flamboyant flowers against evergreen in Puerto Rico make it a gorgeous place to sip Daiquiri. John Steuart photograph.

How to mix a professional Daiquiri at home

(with today's dry, white Puerto Rican rum)

FIRST, remember the bartender's dictum. "A perfect Daiquiri is a *dry* Daiquiri. Stinging cold."

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MEDICINE

"Too Busy To Be Sick"

Recurrent illness over the last two years had made it plain that Anna Eleanor Roosevelt needed the detailed attention of a specialist in diagnosis. But she was as contemptuous of fuss and feathers in regard to her health as in other matters; she brushed aside suggestions that she subject herself to major medical procedures. Mrs. Roosevelt was unfitted by temperament to be an invalid. She liked to say: "I'm too busy to be sick."

From the Marrow. For at least two years, Mrs. Roosevelt had been anemic. Doctors established that her bone marrow was not producing enough blood cells, but why this was they had no idea. Each time her hemoglobin and hematocrit (red-cell concentration) readings fell alarmingly low, a blood transfusion lifted them above the danger level. Early this year she was put on a regular dosage of cortisone-type hormones. This treatment carried the risk of reducing her resistance to infections. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Roosevelt began to run a fever. Nobody knew what was causing it. The common everyday infections, from common cold and flu to strep and staph, were soon ruled out by bedside observation and lab tests.

The fever persisted; but only on the promise that it would be a short stay was Mrs. Roosevelt persuaded to go into Manhattan's famed Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. There, a specimen of Mrs. Roosevelt's bone marrow—the body's main factory for various elements in the blood—was taken by puncturing a hipbone with a big hypodermic needle. The hematologists who examined the marrow smears under the microscope could not agree. Though there were enough cells present to rule out aplastic anemia, one of the deadliest forms of the disease, some of the experts thought that the abnormal cell forms suggested an obscure type of leukemia. Others said not.

A chest X ray indicated recent changes in the lungs—but again, nothing definite. This and other hints suggested that the anemia might be complicated by a tuberculous infection. So the doctors at once prescribed vigorous treatment with the most potent combination of anti-tuberculous drugs: streptomycin, PAS (para-aminosalicylic acid) and isoniazid.

Culture Proof. With a younger patient in better general condition, the treatment would almost certainly have knocked out TB of the ordinary infectious type. But Mrs. Roosevelt got no better. After doggedly trying to carry on her work from a hospital bed, and still protesting that she did not want her life prolonged by extraordinary and heroic medical measures, Mrs. Roosevelt left the hospital.

About a week before she died, a culture inoculated with Mrs. Roosevelt's bone marrow produced the bacilli of tuberculosis. This was almost certain proof that TB had been the mysterious and stubborn lung infection and an immediate cause in her fever. Most of the dozens of doc-



SUZANNE VAN DE PUT (FAR RIGHT) & CO-DEFENDANTS* IN LIÈGE: LAWYERS BELOW

tors called in on the case agreed that in patients of Mrs. Roosevelt's age, it is not unusual to find the blood-forming mechanism out of kilter in some obscure fashion. And in anybody as determined to keep going as she was, it was not surprising that TB germs (which nearly everybody carries around at times without getting sick) were able to multiply and damage the lungs.

At the autopsy, the pathologists found no medical surprises. Idiopathic (by which doctors mean unexplained) anemia complicated by tuberculosis was the cause of death. And the TB overruled Mrs. Roosevelt's cherished wish that her corpse be sent to an eye bank. The infection made them unacceptable.

Thalidomide Homicide

Jurymen and spectators in a darkened Belgian courtroom last week gasped with shock as a professor of clinical medicine showed lantern slides of babies who had been born without arms or legs, or with other crippling deformities because their mothers had taken thalidomide early in pregnancy. The young mother on the prisoner's box covered her eyes. She had seen such a baby last May. It was her own, and she had killed it. Now she was on trial for her life. Being tried with her for conspiracy were her husband, mother, sister, and their family doctor, Jacques Casters.

Deception & Hope. When Suzanne Goppel Van de Put, 24, an ex-secretary married to a civil servant, was confined in Liège to bear her first child, she was full of radiant hope. Her labor was hard. But the next days were worse. Doctors would not let her see her daughter, named Cosme. The baby had no arms, her face was disfigured, and her anal canal emptied through her vagina. When the deception could go no longer and Suzanne saw her baby, she was stunned.

Her mother and sister had already reached a decision: the baby must not be allowed to live. From Dr. Casters, they got a prescription for enough barbiturates

to kill an infant. Suzanne's husband, Jean Van de Put, 45, was given little say. Soon after she got home, Suzanne mixed the barbiturates with the honey-sweetened formula. The week-old baby died. The police, tipped off by Mme. Van de Put's suspicious pediatrician, found not only the dead baby but the cause of its deformities: thalidomide in the Van de Put's medicine chest.

Last week 500 spectators in the Liège courtroom cheered and applauded as Dr. André Herpin, who signed the death certificate, testified: "If I had been the only one to know about the killing, I would have written 'Death from natural causes.'" The court asked whether Herpin had examined the baby's body. "No," he replied hoarsely. "I did not have the courage to undress it."

She Would Have Known. The defendants did not deny the facts of the killing. They argued only that it was better than letting the baby live. Suzanne Van de Put said she had been unable to get assurance that the baby could be fitted with artificial arms.* She added: "If only my baby had also been mentally abnormal, she would not have realized what her fate was. But she had a normal brain. She would have realized—she would have known."

The prosecution demanded conviction but recommended leniency. The defense asked acquittal, blamed "a poisoned gift from modern science." The court admitted as evidence stacks of letters supporting the defendants, and a public opinion poll promoted by Radio Luxembourg ran 50 to 1 in their favor. At week's end the jury of twelve men took just 105 minutes to reach its verdict: not guilty.

*From left: Dr. Casters, Monique de la Marck (sister), Fernande Cuvelier (mother), Jean Van de Put (husband).

† Not yet final figures indicate that 1,000 thalidomide-deformed babies were born in West Germany, with 5,000 still living and 1,000 expected to need artificial limbs. Britain reports about 150, with 250 still living.

12 short (and fascinating) stories from our mailbag

Particularly if you travel, we think you will be highly interested in these extracts from real letters to United Air Lines.

We get them because we have always invited and welcomed suggestions and comments from our customers... complaints as well as compliments... such as these you are about to read.

LEAK

"...it must have leaked out that I, at the age of 93, would be making this trip... most courteous and considerate treatment was accorded me. Wheel chairs were at my disposal, baggage pickups had been prearranged at terminals, and many other services were made available for my comfort and ease of traveling..."

KICK

"Having traveled around the world... I wonder if anyone has before asked you a favor. If not, I shall. Surely it would be possible for airplane designers to design an aircraft seat in which the passenger next to the rear wouldn't seem to be taking out a grudge by kicking me on the bottom!"

DOCTOR

"...I would like to take the opportunity of thanking United Air Lines for a special service they performed for a patient of mine recently... I would most particularly like to comment on... your medical officer, who not only ac-

companied the infant... but who ingeniously devised a small bassinet by which the infant could be given oxygen during the trip..."

FROZEN

"...and found my car had frozen. Since it was outside your office I went in and the young man at the counter did everything but start it for me. He made several calls, got me a container for water, tried to get me a mechanic, and generally was of great help..."

BOILING

"...after inquiring into the source of my discomfort (sinus) she went to the galley and came back with a large cup of boiling water on top of which she had placed a double paper napkin by means of a rubber band. When I pressed this against my face it brought blessed relief..."

PUTTER

"...the misfortune to lose a... ballpoint pen.... One week ago I received a magnificently wrapped package 5' long... from the Found and Lost Department of United Air Lines... not my simple little lost ballpoint pen... a putter... unless some considerate action is taken toward the plight of this poor unknown golfer, I will... dump my three shares of United stock on the open market..."

6 A.M.

"...Our Production Department found that they would have to close down a complete

production line if a certain product were not in our hands by 7 a.m. the following morning . . . your Mr. Northern drove . . . to Cleveland at 3 a.m. in the morning in order to pick up the shipment and have it down here by 6 a.m. . . ."

NUTS

"... I notice that when you give us a snack, you give us two sweet rolls and both of them have nuts all over them. Now I think about 65% of the guys that ride your line, including me, have ulcers (some accumulated from the treatment we get on United), so I was just going to make a little, simple suggestion . . ."

DARN

"... as far as the luggage is concerned, I'll see if I can clean the darn thing and if I can't you'll probably hear more from me. . . . I love United Air Lines, I love everybody . . . I ain't sore. . . . So please take your time but sooner or later I ought to hear from you . . ."

PLIERS

"... one of the most cooperative persons I have encountered in a public service position. This young man helped me get a screwdriver, pliers, nails and helped me alter that crate in order that it would go on the jet airplane which left after lunch for Omaha . . ."

LANDING

"... of course, I am not evaluating his technical competence as a pilot. I am not qualified to do that, except that I can say that he made

the smoothest landings that I have ever experienced. You couldn't even feel the wheels grab. No bump whatsoever . . ."

TOOTH

"... As parents, we were impressed by United's calling in the morning to find out who was meeting her and their phone number, etc., and her grandmother in Allentown reported that the stewardess, who had already coped with one lost tooth, held her by the hand until my mother identified herself . . ."

*

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MUSIC

New Mezzo

Sure as the winter solstice every music season brings to U.S. concert halls a U.S.-born singer who has already made it big in Europe. This season's entry is Mezzo-Soprano Grace Bumbry, 25, who made her Manhattan concert debut last week in Carnegie Hall. Her performance of Duparc songs, Italian songs, Schubert Brahms, Liszt and Strauss lieder and Negro spirituals was eloquent exposition of a native talent that has been too long coming home.

A large woman with an erect carriage, Mezzo Bumbry stood a trifle self-consciously with hands clasped and head thrown back. But when she nodded to her accompanist and opened her mouth, her rich, bronzelike voice seemed to flood the hall. Her singing was brilliant and ringing at the top; she impressed her audience with an absolute control that permitted her to fade from full voice to soft-spun pianissimi that hushed the hall to admiring silence. If her attitudes sometimes seemed staid, she was completely natural and quietly moving in *Deep River*, *Sweet Little Jesus Boy*, *Stand by Me*.

Mezzo Bumbry actually made her U.S. recital debut last winter—in Washington. Acting on the enthusiastic advice of friends who had heard the young singer in Europe, Jackie Kennedy invited Bumbry to sing at the White House after a state dinner (TIME, March 2). Daughter of a St. Louis railway clerk, Grace Bumbry became interested in music in a fashion familiar to many American Negroes—singing in a church choir. Scholarships

took her to Boston University, North-western, and finally to Santa Barbara's Music Academy of the West to study with Lotte Lehmann, the great German-born soprano, who last week returned to the Met as a stage director.

Bumbry went to Europe in 1959, was chosen after a single audition to sing the lead in the Paris Opera production of *Carmen* and the following summer became the first Negro ever to sing at the Bayreuth Festival. But she still does not consider herself a Wagner singer. "My style," says Mezzo Bumbry, "is really Verdi. This is my heart and soul."

Primer for Conductors

On the podium, all his movements are clipped and economical. Every muscle is under rigid control. But the moment the music stops, Conductor Igor Markevitch cuts loose. For quick relief from artistic discipline, he unlimbers his tongue. Occasionally his cutting comments have helped cost him a job. "Paris musicians," he announced, "are a Mafia." Markevitch played several variations on the same theme, and was forced to resign from Paris' Lamoureux Orchestra a year ago. Last week in Tel Aviv, where he appeared as guest conductor of the Israel Philharmonic, he sounded off at the drop of a question. This time he casually blasted his baton-wielding colleagues.

The trouble with modern conductors, said Markevitch, is that many of them have only a hazy idea of the instruments of the orchestra and of the repertoire. Even worse, they are inclined to play to the galleries rather than to the orchestra. Most of today's "unprofessional" conductors according to Markevitch, have not had the basic eight years of intensive study that are necessary before taking over an orchestra.

Markevitch's minimum requirements for practicing his craft: thorough knowledge of musical history, fluency in at least three languages, mastery of all the classical symphonies, plus six operas, ten oratorios, and accompaniment for all the major concertos. "If you don't know the works by heart," says Markevitch, "you don't know them." As for himself, Markevitch added casually, he knew too compositions by heart several years ago, but "it's far more than that by now."

Compared with conductors of the Koussevitzky-Toscanini generation, Markevitch pointed out, the modern conductor has far less rehearsal time and about four times as many concerts to give each year. To combat the fatigue of traveling, he must build "the body of a conductor. One's body must be completely independent of the music." His own body, Markevitch boasted has become so independent that "at the end of a symphony I'm breathing at the same rate as at the beginning."

This winter Markevitch will return to his native Russia, where he has been invited to help organize a conductors' school at the State Conservatory in Mos-



IGOR MARKEVITCH
Lifting the art out of prehistory.

cow. Starting with twelve-year-old students, he will apply his highly personal training techniques, confident that they will eventually lift conducting out of its "prehistoric period."

No Strings

No country in the world is more thickly populated with orchestras than West Germany. The music-loving West Germans support no fewer than 92 professional symphonies with full-year contracts. But Europe's most musical country is in danger of losing some of its best orchestras at a time when the audience for serious music is growing steadily. There is an alarming shortage of West German musicians, particularly violinists.

In the U.S., where many a young hopeful gets lost among the wind instruments of his high school band, orchestras have been hampered by a violinist shortage for several decades. But the shortage is not nearly so severe as it has become in Germany. There, nearly half the vacant orchestra seats belong to violinists. The majority of present orchestra violinists are between 45 and 65 years old, and there is little replacement potential in the younger generation.

According to the West German Music Council, the number of music students who chose the violin as their principal subject decreased by 70% between 1933 and 1960. There is a general shortage of instruments, teachers, and practice rooms. The basic reason for all this, say some German musicians, is that their country concentrated so intensely on physical reconstruction after the war that there was little time or inclination for cultural activities. Anxious to correct the situation, the Music Council has organized a new foundation for musical affairs. By providing scholarships and better facilities for young talent, the foundation hopes to make sure that Beethoven will continue to be played in the land.



GRACE BUMBRY
Verdi: in her soul.



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MODERN LIVING

THE GARDEN

Moonlight Man

Gardens and gardeners up north are getting ready for the long winter, but down south the struggle with weeds, blights, parasites and pests goes on all year long. Particularly in Texas, where a tree is a cherished possession, often imported from the north, planted, fed, and cosseted like a sickly child. In Texas a millionaire may lay out a quarter of a million dollars building hills, engineering creeks, hauling rocks, irrigating shrubs and grass. And with all that expenditure, it seems a shame to leave it out in the

trols 100 lighting fixtures, 170 switches and four miles of wire packed into his small Japanese garden. The lights themselves are mostly small and invisible, mounted on trees or behind bushes. "The important thing is to achieve an understatement of light—subtle and restful," says Watson. Many of his clients need considerable convincing on this point: a floodlight seems to them the best way to illuminate a tree that cost \$1,500.

"Overall floodlight is repulsive," Watson says. "What I do when I show people my garden is to build the moonlight effect up slowly, then build highlights and subtle shadows. Then suddenly I turn it all



GROUNDS LIGHTED BY WATSON

A shame to leave it in the dark all night.

dark at night. The result is a boom in a relatively new form of esthetics—landscape illumination.

Perhaps the busiest practitioner of this fast-growing trade is tall, bespectacled John Watson, 40, of Dallas. His specialty is creating moonlight, though he produces a myriad other effects to order. His work has taken him to both East and West coasts and as far north as Canada, but most of his clients are in the Southwest. For, quite aside from the pleasure an oil baron gets from seeing his flora through the picture window, he needs night lighting for another reason. The incinerating Texas sunshine discourages bosky browsing in the landscaped areas; southwestern millionaires take their ease among the trees as the gods once did—during the cool of the evening.

Subtle Shadows. Moonlighter Watson prepared for his career at Texas A. & M., where he earned a master's degree in landscape architecture, then spent four years at General Electric's lamp headquarters in Cleveland. For the past five years his headquarters has been Dallas where he lives alone in a small, painting-filled house with a backyard garden that serves as his sample room.

Watson demonstrates his effects for prospective clients by flicking switches and rheostats on a large console that con-

off and flash a floodlight on the garden. Everybody always says, "Oh, no!" and from that moment I know I've got a convert, and the husband knows he's going to have to spend some money. Floodlights are for finding your automobile in the driveway or for carrying the garbage out to the trash can. But not for gardens."

Red in the Moonlight. Watson has illuminated some 200 gardens during the past five years, ranging in price from \$250 for a garden 10 ft. by 15 ft. to about \$100,000 for one of his current projects: the 17-acre garden of Dallas' electronics and aircraft tycoon James Ling. "No two clients want the same effect," he says. "Color is the tricky thing."

One color is important to Oil Geologist D. Harold ("Dry Hole") Byrd, in whose two-acre Dallas garden Watson was putting the finishing touches on a \$16,500 installation. The color is red. "See those three purple beeches," said Byrd to a visitor. "While the moonlight's going. I can throw a switch, and a series of powerful red lights plays on those tree trunks. I know Watson didn't care much for it. But I like red." Mr. Byrd's sharp eyes grew pensive. He said: "I'm trying to figure out some way to have a big American flag lit up out there."

Overhearing this, Watson hastily looked the other way.

SUBURBIA

Movies on the Mall

The day may soon be at hand when a shopping center in some sub-suburban location will incorporate itself, elect a mayor, and become a city on its own. The ingredients are all there—stores, restaurants, banks, a post office (one center outside Manhattan has its own hospital). And it would be only logical. For the shopping center is the first and only urban unit to be devised specifically and exclusively to accommodate that hugaboo of older cities, the automobile.

Scrunch, Twang. Already the shopping center has begun to replace the courthouse square as the center of the community's cultural and recreational life. In



JOHN WATSON

WATSON AT WORK

many a new suburban center, auto-borne families are taking advantage of a busy schedule of attractions—pop concerts on the mall, choral recitals and amateur plays in a center-provided auditorium. The rattle of bowling pins is accompanied by the scrunch of ice skates, the twang of archers' bows. There are fashion shows, cooking schools, art shows, and folk-dancing classes. Now the movie theater operators, who have been shuttering one downtown palace after another, have latched on to the shopping center as the place where the people are (or can get to).

Of 153 new hard-tops (the industry term for indoor, non-drive-in theaters) built in the past two years, approximately 65 are located in shopping centers, and another 50 will probably be in operation by early 1963. General Drive-In Corp. of Boston, which helped launch the boom in drive-ins after World War II, began switching to shopping-center hard-tops when it opened one of the first in 1951 at the Framingham, Mass., Shoppers' World. It now has ten shopping-center houses flourishing from Florida to Massachusetts, and 20 more under construction or on the board, and has not built a drive-in theater in more than seven years.

Cry, Dry. With typical enterprise, one shopping-center theater has encouraged car-borne family attendance by installing

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THE VOICE OF MUSIC

a 40-seat, glass-enclosed "cry room" for mothers with fractious children. And as a daytime lure, the \$1,000,000 Golf Mill Theater in Niles, Ill., invites housewives to bring their dirty laundry to the movies with them and drop it off at the box office. The wash is whisked to a nearby automatic laundry, and when the women leave the theater, their clean clothes are waiting for them, dry and neatly packaged.

In fact, the shopping-center theater has revived the old habit of family movie night. It is not uncommon to see whole groups of parent- and children arrive at the shopping center as soon as Daddy gets home from work, to buy shoes, browse for books, check on coming cultural attractions, eat dinner—and go to the movies.

THE HOME

Cold, but Warmer

The source and strength of the British national character, as everyone knows, lie in keeping things cold and damp. *Song-froid* has been bred into generations of Britons by keeping toast in racks cleverly devised to cool it fast and, above all, by not heating their houses. Limited areas of the living room may be heated by small gas or electric heaters, or by cheerful-looking coal fires against which a man can warm his legs while his breath smokes in the air. Until recently, refrigerators were considered unnecessary, and the traditional British bedroom is a cave of the winds for which it is wise to bundle up in winter. Britons are the only people, as the saying goes, who dress instead of undress for bed.

Today, for the first time since the heat-loving Romans pulled out some 1,500 years ago, the British are turning on the heat. Shell-Mex started this un-English trend with an ad campaign for oil burners featuring bare-bottomed children romping happily indoors and ladies tossing off the covers of a morning in sheer nighties. Bumbled one woman's page columnist: "For the 70-degree girl, it's glamour first. She can carry honeymoon glamour to the everyday breakfast table in a thin filmy negligee. She can potter around the bath room dressed only in a towel." The National Coal Board quickly joined in with the slogan: "Central Heating for all! To-day central heating is not just for rich people." Electricity and gas authorities helped put on the pressure, and the public threw tradition to the wolves. In 1962 there were only 9,000 oil burners in private houses; today there are 150,000. Sales of electric heaters jumped from 500,000 in 1958 to 3,000,000 last year, and the cryptic symbol "ch" (for central heating) is appearing more and more often in the classified ads.

And those who already have heat are shamelessly turning up the thermostat. Average room temperatures have inched up from an asexual 60 to 65—only five points short of the decadent American average of 70. The days are fast disappearing, editorialized the London Daily Mail, when "British breakfasters step gratefully down from their bedrooms to

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BRITISH OIL BURNER AD
Now the poor can go naked.

swap details of the night's torture, like survivors of some physical disaster," and when the hearty British breakfast (oatmeal, eggs, two rashers of bacon, and kippers, toast and marmalade) was designed "to replace the energy expended in the struggle for mere survival during the night."

THE MARKETPLACE

Build Small

Despite the fact that compact cars are rapidly becoming less so and wide-screen movies more so, miniaturization still proudly rears its tiny head. Latest in the list of products that have grown smaller, lighter, handier.

● **TINY TV.** The most hypnotically popular item to be introduced in many months is a tiny TV set with a screen smaller than a postcard (4½ in. by 3½ in.). Made by Japan's Sony, Micro-TV produces a snapshot-clear picture, weighs only 8 lbs., and can operate on house current, a rechargeable battery pack, or—in states where the law allows it—on the juice from an auto cigarette lighter socket. One of Micro-TV's neatest features is its viewability at less than arm's length on office-desk or bedside table, there are also

auxiliary earphones for private listening. Price: \$229.95, plus \$39.95 for battery pack, \$17.95 for auto adapter.

• **PORTABLE PIANO.** An electronic portable piano built into a case about the size of a two-suitcase has been put on the market by the Wurlitzer Co., De Kalb, Ill. Like the Micro-TV, it operates on house current or a battery pack. With a 64-note keyboard, the all-transistor piano can be played via built-in loudspeaker or earphones (for silent practicing), has controls to vary the tone from Hawaiian guitar to vibraphone to glockenspiel. With case, bench, battery pack and earphones, approximate price: \$475.

• **PAPER SHREDDER.** A new office paper shredder not much bigger than a typewriter comes from Michael Lith Sales Corp. of Manhattan. The Destroyit Super-Speed can digest 500 lbs. of confidential letters, microfilm, ledger sheets, contracts, blueprints in an hour, is not upset by stray paper clips or staples. It can handle sheets as wide as a newspaper, produces shreds in three widths—depending on the model—which it neatly spews into disposable plastic bags. For businesses where disposal of confidential or secret material is essential, Destroyit does the job on the spot. Price: \$425-\$495.

• **POCKET SHOPPER.** Definitely not yet on the market, but envisioned by Dr. John W. Mauchly, is a miniature computer for household use that will not only make shopping lists obsolete but will also mark the extinction of the grocery clerk and the checkout-counter man. Before going to market, a woman will slip her computer into her purse (it will have an inventory of what she needs in the way of staples and supplies stored in its wafer-thin memory cells). Once at the market, she will plug her computer into a socket in a vacant "delivery alcove" and wait for the results. The computer will carry out the business of identifying itself, making the proper accounting entries in its own memory, and authorizing the charge against its mistress' universal checking account. In less than a minute the order slides down a chute, and the housewife brings home the electronic bacon. Dr. Mauchly, who invented some of the original big computers and has already built one the size of a suitcase, is working on the pocket monster.



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Why take chances with the performance and life of your engine? Years ahead Quaker State, refined only from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, assures every car of longer-lasting lubrication and complete protection. It's the finest motor oil

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To get the picture at arm's length.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



"Silent" Salesmen

For collectors of felicitous similes, we have a new one: "As rare as a salesman's call on management." We thought of it when we saw a new McGraw-Hill study among buyers of industrial lubricants revealing that oil industry salesmen were calling less and less on the real buying powers—management. In fact, 54% of the top executives interviewed never saw an oil company salesman last year. Yet these men regularly make decisions on what to buy and where to buy it.

If salesmen can't see them, how do they get the facts on lubricants—and other products and services? Through advertising—"silent" salesmen—like the pertinent, problem-solving advertisements they see in **BUSINESS WEEK**.

With a circulation of over 400,000 management subscribers, **BUSINESS WEEK** is used by men who are in a position to respond quickly to advertising—men who control, initiate or approve many of the purchases of the country's largest corporations. That's why our advertisers, bless 'em, keep **BUSINESS WEEK** the leader of all general, general-business and news magazines in pages of business and industrial advertising—year after year.

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BUSINESS WEEK



RELIGION

Active Ecumenicism

Probably no Frenchman has worked harder for Christian unity than Pastor Marc Boegner, 51, head of the Protestant Federation of France until he retired in 1961. Last week Dr. Boegner was elected to the French Academy, narrowly edging Roman Catholic Historian Marquis Albert de Luppé in the voting. The decisive factor in the election was the last-minute intervention of a Catholic acquaintance, Eugène Cardinal Tisserant who came to Paris from the Vatican Council ardently championed the cause of the first Protestant minister to win membership in the Academy's history. Said Tisserant to Boegner: "This election cannot help but bring our two churches together."

A Peril for Jews: Secularism

In an eyebrow-raising editorial two months ago, the Jesuit weekly *America* warned "our Jewish friends" that their opposition to religious practices in public schools might lead to "an outbreak of anti-Semitism." *America's* reward was a torrent of criticism from all segments of U.S. Jewry. Now some leading Jewish intellectuals are having second thoughts about the questions *America* raised.

In a debate at Yeshiva University, Dr. Immanuel Jakobovits of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue Synagogue charged that Jewish organizational support for secularist legislation was indeed adding "fuel to the flames of anti-Semitism." In the forthcoming issue of the semiannual journal *Tradition*, another Orthodox intellectual urges Jews to forget their anger at the wording of *America's* editorial and think clearly about the substantive issues involved. Whatever their Reform brethren may want, argues Michael Wyschogrod, assistant professor of philosophy at Hunter College, Orthodox Jews should not be so eager to help secularists raise a rigid unclimbable wall between church or synagogue and state.

In opposing secularism, Wyschogrod sees theological merit in nondenominational worship in public schools in the manner of the New York Regents prayer outlawed by a Supreme Court decision last June. "One of the leading Torah authorities is said to have remarked that the prayer in question fulfills the Biblical obligation to pray," he points out. More materially Wyschogrod also thinks that Orthodox Jews might well take another look at their attitude to the question of federal aid to religious schools. Reform Jews almost unanimously oppose such aid; but most of the U.S. *schoibot* (day schools) are conducted by Orthodox congregations that are strapped for money.

In the long run, Wyschogrod argues, "it is in the interest of the American Jewish community that America remain a God-fearing nation. The security of all mankind, as of the Jew, is to be found in a world in which God rules and in which all men have a sense of living under his

judgment. The temporary and superficial toleration that the Jew enjoys in a completely secular (God-less world is no more than skin-deep." For no matter how deplorable is the history of Christian persecutions of Jews, Wyschogrod concludes, "the danger that threatens us today in this country is not forcible conversion to Christianity. Our danger is secularism, the disappearance of the word 'God' from the minds and tongues of millions of Jews."

Christianity's Chronicler

The many-volumed histories that caused much of the sag in Victorian bookshelves have largely disappeared, but at least one U.S. historian still prefers to see his craft write large. He is Yale University's Ken-



HISTORIAN LATOURETTE
Clear unadorned and accurate.

neth Scott Latourette, 78, a precise, untiring Baptist minister, who has just overseen the publication of his 568-page *The Twentieth Century Outside Europe* (Harper & Row; \$8.50), the fifth and final volume of a series entitled *Christianity in a Revolutionary Age*.

Latourette's latest book completes an awesome work that has been widely acclaimed as the best exposition so far of what has happened to Christian churches in the 19th and 20th centuries. Written in prose that Latourette describes as "clear but unadorned," *Twentieth Century* is scrupulously impartial to Roman Catholics and Protestants, meticulously supported with statistics and footnotes. Latourette warns noticeably in treating the details of a favorite theme, the growth of Christian missions around the world. He is crisp, exact, and noncommittal in describing the great intellectual trends—the social gospel, the ecumenical movement.



This is the Colorado Springs control center of the North American Air Defense Command. Here information from the radar stations is relayed and evaluated for our nation's protection.

BORDER PATROL OF DEFENSE includes hundreds of radar stations that track and identify aircraft over North America. This is a vital defense wall against attack. Defense costs billions—and the money must come from taxes. Your tax dollars buy more defense and go further when they aren't spent

needlessly in other fields. Yet there are people urging the federal government to build new electric plants and lines. This is costly and unnecessary. The investor-owned electric companies can supply all the additional electric power required for a fast-growing America—without needless tax spending.

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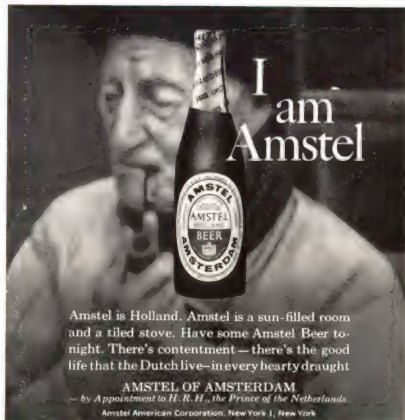


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In this rich farm country of Southern Wisconsin, we still make Jones Sausage the same way we did a century ago—from choice cuts of tender young pork—hams, loins, shoulders, and seasoned with fine natural spices. At better markets everywhere. Have a Jones breakfast this Sunday!

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I am Amstel

Amstel is Holland. Amstel is a sun-filled room and a tiled stove. Have some Amstel Beer tonight. There's contentment—there's the good life that the Dutch live—in every hearty draught

AMSTEL OF AMSTERDAM
— by Appointment to H. R. H., the Prince of the Netherlands.
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the liturgical revival—that have shaped Christianity since 1900.

A Potent Faith. But Latourette's *Twentieth Century* is more than a mere catalogue. Behind the facts and figures lurks his faith that human history is the story of salvation. Many of his Protestant contemporaries gloomily see the years since the French Revolution as a "post-Christian" age, in which the faith spread by the Apostles has been forced on the defensive. Looking instead at the worldwide missionary triumph of the churches, Latourette argues that "if the entire globe is taken into consideration, never had Christianity been as potent in the life of mankind as a whole as it was when these lines were written."

So comprehensive a project as *Christianity in a Revolutionary Age* might be the masterpiece of a lesser historian. For Latourette, the series occupies only a modest corner in the personal five-foot shelf of books he has written or contributed to. In all, he has 88 titles to his credit, including a seven-volume history of Christianity from its beginnings until World War I. Historian Latourette is also that academic rarity—a specialist in two separate fields. Rivaling his fame as a chronicler of Christianity is his reputation as a leading Orientalist: he has written four books on China, including one of the standard U.S. undergraduate texts on the country's history and culture.

Historian Latourette originally intended to spread Christianity rather than write about it. Born in Oregon, he graduated from Linfield College, decided to become a missionary, but first went east for further study at Yale. He took a doctorate in Far Eastern history, and joined the university's fledgling Yale-in-China program, which supported a daughter college at Changsha. Latourette spent two years as a teacher in China, and returned to the U.S. because of poor health. He began his 41 years as a professor at the Yale Divinity School in 1921. Between classes, Latourette squeezed in an impressive variety of nonacademic chores: he was one of the founding fathers of the World Council of Churches, served as president of such divergent organizations as the American Historical Association and the American Baptist Convention.

"Avoid Wasting Time." An abstemious bachelor, Latourette met these responsibilities by keeping to a rigid work schedule that allowed him precisely one hour a day for walking. Yale legend has it that professors breakfasting at the Divinity School dining room know it is 8 o'clock when Latourette flips his copy of the *New York Times* to the editorial page. "That is just a myth," he says. "All I try to do is to avoid wasting time."

Latourette has wasted none, even after semiretiring to the status of professor emeritus in 1953. Now that *Christianity in a Revolutionary Age* is out of the way, he is busy bringing up to date his *The Chinese, Their History and Culture*. After that, he plans to tackle still more projects, including a new one-volume history of China.

Why do People with Plans choose a Full Service bank for their savings?

Even though they sometimes earn less interest, millions of people save exclusively at Full Service commercial banks. Are they crazy? Or do they know something you ought to know?

People who are wise enough to save money usually fall into two groups. The first is simply "saving up for a rainy day." They have no definite plans for their savings. They figure it doesn't matter where they put it as long as it brings a high rate of return.

The second group is made up of people with plans. After they've saved enough money, they plan to do some of the following things:

- Buy a new car, refurnish the living room, send the kids to college, or take an extended vacation
- Buy or build a home, or add improvements to their present home
- Buy a piece of investment real estate (an apartment, a commercial building, a farm)
- Start a business of their own or buy into an existing company

If you fall into this second group (and you do even if you've only *thought* about such plans), here's a suggestion that could mean the difference between success or failure: *After you've saved up your nest egg, there's one type of financial institution that can act as your financial partner in helping you carry out any of your plans. That financial partner is a Full Service commercial bank.*

For example: If you want to buy a home or a piece of income property, there are at least four places to get the first mortgage money, including your Full Service bank. Your bank is often

the least expensive (not only in interest but in loan fees and the like).

Or—if you want to buy a new car or take a trip, you'll find that your Full Service bank can go right along with you by providing an auto or travel loan at interest rates generally lower than you would pay elsewhere.

Or—if you want to go into business for yourself, the bank can help you

in two ways. First, with good advice, based on experience. Second, if your proposition looks promising, the bank can help with a commercial loan.

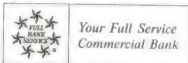
Unlike other types of savings institutions, a Full Service commercial bank is really a kind of "financial department store," dispensing money not just for one or two types of loans but for practically any legitimate venture that shows promise. Since it is a Full Service bank, it can offer every banking service from small checking accounts to huge industrial loans.

Why start with a Full Service commercial bank?

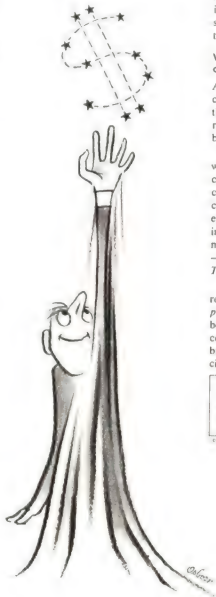
At this point, you might ask: "Why can't I keep my savings where I get the most interest, and then, when I'm ready to act, call on a Full Service bank for help?"

The answer is: *You can.* But you won't get the preferred treatment you could expect if you were an established customer. Like any business, a bank can do more for its established customers than for someone who just walks in off the street. You've heard that the more business you do with one bank—the more the bank can do for you. *This is true.*

We're prejudiced, but it stands to reason that if your plans require complete banking service, you'd be a lot better off if you got your savings account—and all the rest of your banking business—into a Full Service commercial bank. The sooner the better.



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HOW A BONER HELPED ME EARN \$15,000

By a Wall Street Journal
Subscriber

One time a hotel porter delivered a copy of The Wall Street Journal to my room by mistake.

Well, I looked at The Journal. For the first time in my life I began to understand why some men get ahead while others stay behind. I learned about the far-reaching changes taking place in America. I found out about new inventions, new industries and new ways of doing business that are helping ambitious men earn money. I sent for a year's subscription to The Wall Street Journal and, believe me, it has paid off. Last year my income was \$15,000.

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"SLEEPY BEAR IS EVERYWHERE"

MILESTONES

Married. Zsa Zsa Gabor, 37 according to her marriage license, sometime Hungarian actress, alltime girl about town; and New York Industrialist Herbert Loeb Hutner, 53; she for the fourth time, he for the second; in Manhattan.

Died. Frederick Louis Maytag II, 51, president since 1940 of the \$107 million-a-year Maytag Co., U.S. producer of laundry machines, the founder's forthright flying and skindiving grandson, who at 29 inherited a feudal Midwestern firm, modernized and expanded it tenfold by profit-sharing management and honest craftsmanship that shunned built-in obsolescence; of cancer, in Newton, Iowa.

Died. Peter Schlumbohm, 66, jovial German-born U.S. chemist who believed that "a coffeepot should not be a steam engine," in the early 1940s invented the simple Chemex coffeemaker that gently filtered the coffee and made him rich; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Timothy Costello, 67, shillelagh-sporting Manhattan pubkeeper and longtime confidant of such writers as Hemingway, Steinbeck, O'Hara, and most visibly, James Thurber, who adorned Costello's Third Avenue saloon with his free-swinging sketches of the eternal war between the sexes; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, 78, niece of one U.S. President, widow of another, perennial first lady to much of the world; of anemia, complicated by tuberculosis; in Manhattan (see THE NATION).

Died. George Herbert Moore, 84, retired U.S. District Judge in St. Louis, a portly senior jurist whose bulldog determination in the 1950s forced grand jury inquiries into tax fixing within the Bureau of Internal Revenue that ended, despite all attempts at whitewash, in indictments including such Truman Administration officials as T. Lamar Caudle and ex-Collector of Internal Revenue James P. Finnegan; in St. Louis.

Died. Howard Roger Garis, 80, creator of a kindly, top-hatted rabbit named Uncle Wiggily as an extra assignment from his police beat on the Newark (N.J.) Evening News in 1900, who went on to write 200 children's books of the bunny's adventures in Hollow Stump with Fuzzy Wuzzy Nurse Jane and Dr. Possum that sold more than 5,000,000 copies; of leukemia; in Northampton, Mass.

Died. Enos, 61, the chimpanzee who preceded Colonel John Glenn into orbit by three months, twice circling the earth on Nov. 29, 1961, in a Mercury capsule while pressing levers and munching banana-flavored pellets; of dysentery; at New Mexico's Holloman Air Force Base.

Mackneys Helped Each Other STOP SMOKING Easily, Pleasantly!



Mr. Stanley J. Mackney is a textile executive. At first he and his wife just wanted to cut down. Says Mr. Mackney: "We feel great pride that while we started taking Bantron only to cut down, we actually conquered the smoking habit. We had no difficulty in stopping smoking easily with Bantron."

Bantron is a safe, new product, developed at a great American university, that has helped thousands stop smoking. In a series of clinical tests, published in a leading Medical Journal, scientists reported that 4 out of 5 men and women who wanted to quit smoking stopped within 5 days when they took Bantron.

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Taken as directed, Bantron is perfectly safe. Just take 3 Bantron tablets a day, after meals, for four days. Then only 2 a day until all desire leaves you. 80% are "Free" in 5 to 10 days. Now at drug stores without prescription. Price \$12.50. Also available in Canada.

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Why teachers quit

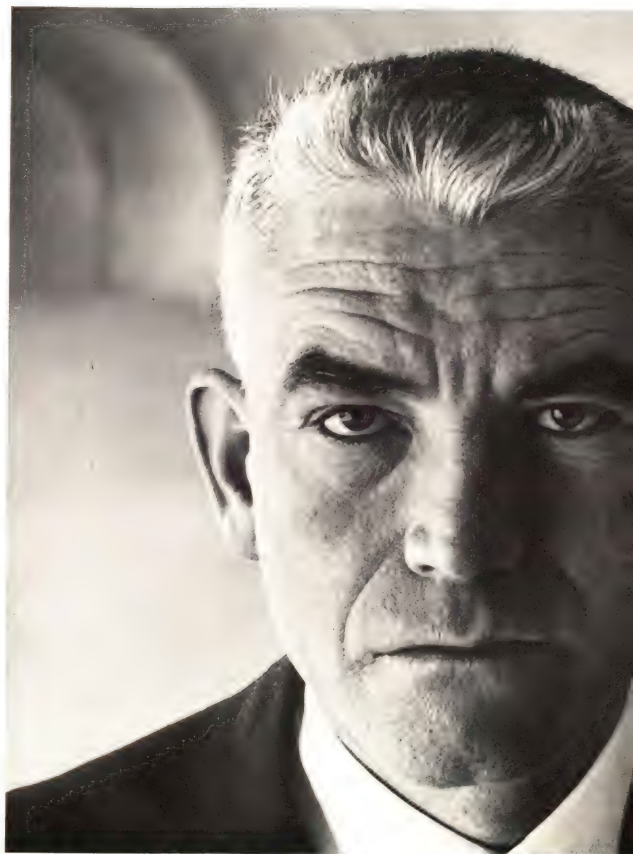
This year, 125,000 public school teachers will leave the profession. To balance that number, only 106,000 teaching graduates will step forward. The result is a continuing deficit the nation can ill afford.

In a special report on the teacher shortage, this week's *LIFE* lists some of the reasons why skilled teachers walk out: (1) Know-nothing school-boards, more interested in dollars saved than lessons given; (2) Insecure, inadequate principals, more concerned with public relations than with public education; (3) Doting parents, interested chiefly in their children's grades, however earned; (4) Rebellious or apathetic children, as much in need of discipline as of learning. It adds up to a profession in which the rewards rarely match the indignities.

What can be done to keep good teachers at their jobs? *LIFE* explores several possibilities, including team-teaching, educational TV and the creation of an "executive level" for top teachers that pays as well as private industry.

LIFE

... School crisis in America; border crisis in India; missile crisis in Cuba: each week *LIFE* focuses on major issues of our time, on the forces shaping our future. Reporting like this has a magnetic attraction for people who care about the world around them. Interested, interesting people. People you like to talk to read *LIFE*.



This man makes \$23,000 a year.
He owns his own home in San Francisco.
He owns two cars.
He is a drifter.

His company transferred him all over the country. Spot to spot. Chicago, Atlanta, Memphis. Now, suddenly, he has a permanent post. San Francisco.

But. He has been a comer-and-goer. An involuntary drifter. And because of this, he has developed a detached attitude toward communities. He has become a non-participant. A spectator. He is now in the Bay Area with the chance to sink a deep tap root. But this area is growing like a flood-tide. The magnetism of California has attracted hundreds of thousands of new residents: They have brought with them a similar apathy for their new community. The Bay Area is a community of strangers.

Problem. How do you change this "Community of Strangers" to a community of neighbors?

Here's what one TV station, KPIX, is doing. One hundred and ten hours of uncommonly enterprising programming have been allocated to probe the Bay Area's problems; to dramatize its culture, its traditions; to make the Bay Area citizens care about their community, their common heritage, their responsibilities as neighbors.

The ability to influence people, project ideas and move products is characteristic of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company Stations. Stations that demonstrate daily that community responsibility evokes community response.

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THE PLAIN FACTS ABOUT OFFICE COPIERS



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duced only to the latest engineering and process change. New automated Bruning copiers provide the speed and low cost that production control requires for releasing fabricating instructions.

Diazo does away with retyping of operation sheets; prevents the mistaken use of obsolete instructions; makes it unnecessary to write separate material requisitions, production orders, sub- and

final-assembly orders.

In short, Bruning diazo copiers—*wherever* used—speed production, eliminate errors, cut costs. A helpful survey by the American Production and Inventory Control Society offers concrete suggestions on ways to improve paperwork. The APICS survey—“Production Control Paperwork”—is yours for the asking. Please do.

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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The New Horatio Algers

The economy may be on high-level dead center as the analysts like to say, but a bright new crop of small businessmen never had it so good. Even though the nation's 500 largest corporations account for more than half of all manufacturing and mining sales, plenty of room remains for the little man with a big idea, a moderate bankroll and some business sense. Those who get ahead fill specialized needs and are more flexible and faster moving than the giants. "It's no use trying to meet General Motors on all fours," says the Bank of America's Richard Oddie. "But the ambitious, competent man will find a soft spot to go through."

Searching for the spot, a record crop of 181,538 companies started last year. Most of them are destined to make it. Business failures are down 8% so far this year. Frequent cause of failure: lack of sales skill.

Benevolent Bankers. Washington, ideologically committed to the small businessman, is treating him even more tenderly than usual. Defense orders to small business have risen by \$1 billion to \$4.6 billion in the past year. And financing is not as difficult as it once was. Newcomers benefit from the easy-money policies that the U.S. has pursued for the past 10 years. There is also an increasing trend among large corporations to buy minority stakes in promising small companies to achieve diversification, tax write-offs or future profit potential.

Even the big banks, seeking new borrowers for their embarrassingly ample supply of deposits (TIME, July 13), no longer give the cold eye to promising entrepre-

neurs, so long as they have thought-out plans. Chicago's David and Henry Chambers recently organized a company to build prefabricated roof trusses, went to the big First National Bank with a comprehensive projection of sales, costs and future capital requirements. The First National not only agreed to future financing but also recommended an accountant to handle the brothers' bookkeeping.

Magic Words. "Somehow," says David C. Buell of Boston's Small Business Administration office, "a company with the word 'electronics' or 'nucleonics' in it always seems able to get some private money to start up, even after the bad scare this spring in the market." There are also other fields where a capable manager can ride high on a good idea.

► In Los Angeles, former chiropractor Donald M. Petersen, 35, was fascinated by



PETERSEN & VACUUM CLEANER
And that good old dream

Hurwich, 41, and accountant Leo Helzel, 45, bought the rights to a hand-operated labeling device, formed Dymo Corp. After four years of rapid diversification Dymo has sales of \$10 million.

► In Miami, Henry Keller, a onetime window salesman, scraped together \$8,000, formed Air Control Products to sell aluminum windows, sashing and patio furniture. Keller concentrated on cost cutting and simplified production, last year rang up sales of \$37.5 million.

Plop, Plop. Small businessmen find they have little to fear from the corporate Goliaths. "General Electric and Westinghouse," says Donald Petersen, "have to spend \$1,000,000 to set up a production line. They have to have those appliances coming off the end, plop, plop, in pastel blue and pastel yellow. Then they have to spend \$3,000,000 to advertise and convince the homeowner he should buy in pastel blue or pastel yellow."

Small businessmen have more to fear from speculators who prey on them when they are desperate for capital. Says Petersen: "There are always some people who say 'Look, I'll put up \$100,000 or so. You take 40% of the action and everything will be fine.'" The young small businessman is torn between his need for more money and loyalty to original investors; often he takes the cash and loses control.

For all their growing pains, small businessmen who make the grade find the experience stimulating as well as profitable. They frequently command more employee loyalty than big corporations. Even without bonuses or stock options they are able to hire capable executives who have been stymied in giant firms. Whatever the risks, the American dream still attracts—and so do the opportunities.



CHAMBERS BROTHERS & ROOF TRUSS
Some sense.

the built-in vacuum cleaners at a Hilton hotel, boned up on the subject started the Central Vacuum Corp., manufacturing built-in vacuums for houses. It now has sales of more than \$1,000,000.

► In Albuquerque, N.M., three young low-salaried psychology professors have prospered from a new technique in teaching. Their 16-month-old General Programmed Teaching Corp., producing programmed materials for teaching machines, should gross about \$2,000,000 in the coming year.

► In Lawrence, Mass., Wharton School Graduate Paul Goldman devised a technique for making one-piece molded plywood furniture. His Plycraft, Inc., has sales exceeding \$2,500,000 and recently installed the seats in Manhattan's new Lincoln Center.

► In Oakland, Calif., Engineer Rudolph



GOLDMAN & PLYWOOD CHAIR
An idea.

WALL STREET

Fodder for Bulls

At last Wall Street's bulls found something to feed on. The Dow-Jones average which had been floundering all summer, jumped 35 points following the Cuban crisis, and climbed another 11.55 points last week to close at 616.13. Chart watchers were particularly cheered that the market cracked 616, which to them had seemed a crucial and formidable number because the Dow-Jones had not closed so high since just before Blue Monday, May 28.

Blue Chips Up. Market professionals particularly liked the quality of the stocks that paced last week's rise. Gains of three points or more were made by blue chips such as A.T. & T., Allied Chemical, International Nickel, Union Carbide, Westinghouse Electric. "The market has the best leadership you can have," said Gerald M. Loeb, partner in E. F. Hutton & Co. Bradbury Thurlow, of Winslow, Cohn & Stetson, figured that the upward swing "is a little too big for a false start." He calls the current market a "baby bull," and expects that it will get added nourishment when the mutual funds, which have been hoarding their cash on the sidelines begin to buy. "They follow the public," he says. "They'll buy blue chips because many of them have been badly burned on growth stocks."

But there were still quite a few bears around, who found things to be bearish about. Since 1900, they argue, the average loss during bear markets has been 42% from the previous high on the Dow-Jones; thus far, the current market has dropped 27% from its December high of 734 to the June 26 low of 535. The traditional pattern of long-term declines, says Analyst Edmund Tabell, is drop-recovery-drop. The current market, Tabell argues, is a bear that is in its first recovery stage and due for another drop. He expects the Dow-Jones average of industrials to climb into the 650 to 680 range early next year, then begin to lose ground again and not reach any new highs much before 1964.

Taxes Down? History may be on the side of the bears, but current events seem to be going for the bulls. The feeling is now common that the recession widely predicted for early next year will be mild and brief—and has already been discounted by stock traders. The easing of the Cuban crisis enhances the chances of a tax cut next year, which might well set off an economic upsurge. Walter Heller, the chief of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, said last week: "Tax reduction and tax reform are at the top of the agenda."

Even without a tax cut, businessmen plan to increase their capital spending by 5% next year, to a bit more than \$48 billion, according to a survey by McGraw-Hill. Said its Economist Douglas Greenwood: "This just about eliminates the possibility of any recession next year, but it is discouraging that the economy's growth will continue to be small."



LEM MOCKUP & TOWL
Bug on the moon.

AEROSPACE

Grumman in Orbit

After years of straining hard, Long Island's Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. last week broke into the charmed if turbulent circle of major aerospace contractors. Edging such bigger birds as General Dynamics and Boeing, Grumman was awarded NASA's \$350 million initial contract to build the lunar "bug" that, it is hoped, will land Apollo astronauts on the moon by 1970. The 12-ton bug, called LEM (for Lunar Excursion Module), will be like nothing ever seen before: 10 ft. wide and 15 ft. high, with a window-dome top and three strutlike "legs" for landing.

The plan is for LEM to be lofted into lunar orbit along with the main Apollo spaceship, then be detached to carry two of the three Apollo spacemen to the

moon's surface (TIME cover, Aug. 10). The bug, equipped with its own landing and take-off engines, will rendezvous later with the orbiting mother craft.

Well experienced in building conventional aircraft, Grumman produced 17,000 planes during World War II. With its fighters, notably the Wildcat and Hellcat, it did more than any other planemaker to win the war in the Pacific. Sales climbed to \$324 million during 1944, then plummeted to \$24 million in 1947 as military demand virtually disappeared. Struggling back, Grumman branched into rescue, transport and company planes, as well as aluminum truck bodies, boats and canoes. By last year, sales were at \$317 million and profits \$6.1 million.

Since the death in 1960 of longtime President Leon ("Jack") Swirbul, Grumman has been piloted by E. (for Edwin) Clinton Towl, 57, one of the six air-craft men who founded the company in a Long Island garage 33 years ago (among the others: Swirbul and Chairman Leroy Grumman, now 67). Quiet and unassuming, Towl (pronounced Toll) runs less of a one-man show than colorful Jack Swirbul did. When asked to name the big moment in his career, Clint Towl grins. "Tomorrow." With that LEM contract in his pocket, he is undoubtedly right.

Built on Thin Air

As man probes farther into airless space, he is met by an environment full of lethal radiation and extremes of temperature. For Los Angeles' Garrett Corp., the hostility of space is an industrial bonanza. Since it pressurized the cabins of World War II's high-flying B-29 bombers, Garrett has become the U.S.'s foremost specialist in keeping men alive in the yonder beyond their familiar surroundings. Garrett supplies oxygen gear for the Mercury astronauts, and is designing the breathing systems and environmental controls that will see U.S. Apollo crewmen to the moon.

In 26 years Garrett has grown from a tiny toolmaker to a muscular aerospace contractor that makes 2,000 products and last year boosted sales 8% to \$206 million while profits rose a smashing 208% to \$5,000,000. The proudest claim of Chairman John Clifford Garrett, 54, is that every U.S. military plane built since 1950 carries some Garrett equipment.

Defying the Experts. Cliff Garrett is a volatile, heavy-handed manager who likes to say that he built his company "on thin air." After aeronautic experts told him in the 1930s that men could never fly in the rarefied atmosphere above 12,000 ft., he profitably proved that they could—in his pressurized cabins. He also defied the medical experts who told him after a stroke three years ago that he would never walk again. Today he tramps truculently over his 20-acre plant, snapping orders and picking at details.

Starting out in 1926 as a 50¢-an-hour stockroom clerk at Lockheed Aircraft, Seattle-born Cliff Garrett soon realized that if planes were to fly faster and farther, they must also fly higher. He launched a small aircraft toolmaking com-



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DROP



BY DROP

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TIME, NOVEMBER 16, 1962

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Red for stop.
Always amber for caution—and the stock market.

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We've said that when prices were down.

Because we never want to see people lose money in the market through imprudent speculation.

There obviously is a risk in owning common stocks, and that's a risk that we have never minimized.

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And that's fine, if they are buying those stocks with extra dollars—dollars left over after providing for living expenses, insurance, and an emergency fund.

Fine, too, if they investigated the stocks when they bought them originally and if they keep abreast of developments affecting those investments in the future.

If you own stocks yourself, and would like to see a dispassionate judgment of your present investment program, we'll be glad to supply it.

We'll review your portfolio as objectively as possible and pass on the relative merits of each of your holdings in the light of your personal circumstances and your stated investment objectives.

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pany, hired engineers to experiment with pressurization. The Army Air Corps laughed off Garrett's far-out ideas. With the outbreak of World War II the chuckles turned to intense interest.

After a postwar slump, the company came back on the jet stream. It developed a turbine that uses the energy of jet exhaust to cool cockpits in the heat of supersonic speeds. Garrett now supplies pressurization or air-conditioning equipment for military bombers, fighters and commercial jetliners including the Boeing 707 and France's Caravelle. On a Government contract it is also developing a nuclear-powered system to generate electricity during long space flights.

Balancing Act. Like most aerospace companies, Garrett is struggling for less dependence on capricious Government contracting. By stretching into the production of industrial gas turbines, pneumatic valves and life vests, it has boosted its U.S. civilian and foreign sales to 38% of its total, now aims for the fifty-fifty split that the industrialists consider ideal.

Garrett is also determined that when the first permanent U.S. space station is hurled into orbit—a step beyond the Apollo—the crew will be able, with Garrett help, to live and work in "shirt-sleeve comfort."

EXECUTIVES

Who Earns What

Salaries of middle-echelon executives rose only 2.7% in fiscal 1962, exactly the same as the rise in blue collar manufacturing wage rates. The Labor Department reported this week that its survey of more than 1,700 big companies showed that middle-echelon salaries run highest in manufacturing, utilities, wholesale trade and engineering. They scrape bottom in retail trade, finance, insurance.

Best paid of hired help are corporate attorneys, who begin straight out of law school at an average \$6,552 a year and scale steadily up to \$22,392 as chiefs of their legal departments. Engineers do better as beginners, at \$6,708, but not quite so well when they become top-bracket veterans, averaging \$19,572.

Other averages for beginners and top-scale veterans:

Auditors: \$5,340 and \$9,840
Office Managers: \$7,380 and \$12,264
Personnel Managers: \$6,096 and \$15,096
Chief Accountants: \$9,972 and \$15,192
Chemists: \$6,120 and \$18,984

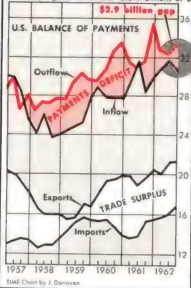
MONEY

Elusive Balance

Almost every year around this time, the U.S. balance of payments problem gets to be like the old Brooklyn Dodger lament: wait till next year. Last year the Kennedy Administration trumpeted that it would bring the nation's international payments into balance during 1963. Last week, acknowledging that it had been overoptimistic, the Commerce Department reported that the U.S. overseas deficit widened in this year's third quarter

Payments Gap

Quarterly figures at annual rate in billions of \$



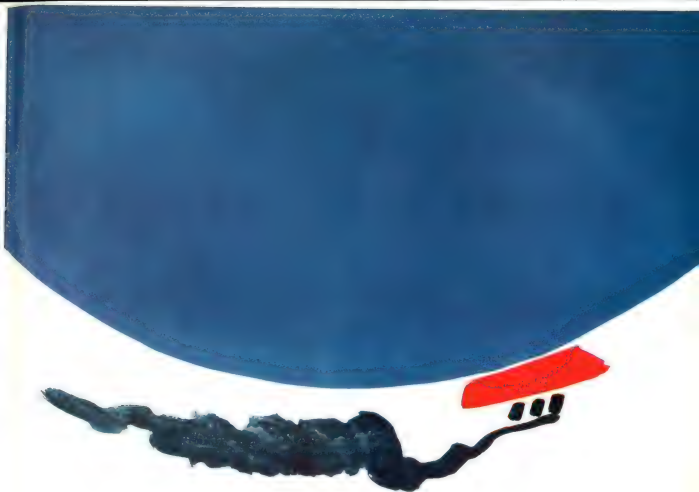
(See chart), would probably wind up at more than \$2 billion for the whole year.

Though this is better than last year's deficit of \$2.5 billion, the Treasury had hoped to get the deficit down to \$1 billion or \$1.5 billion. Still eager to harmonize U.S. trade and money balances, the Administration now hopefully talks about bringing payments into balance in 1964.

Plodding Progress. The deficit exists because U.S. business and Government spend, lend and invest more abroad than they bring home. As the deficits mount, gold flows out of the U.S. The gold supply has diminished by a shocking \$1.3 billion in the past twelve months, is down to a 23-year low of \$15.9 billion. At the same time, though the U.S. continues to export more than it imports, the trade surplus has narrowed, from \$5.3 billion last year to an estimated \$4.4 billion so far this year. Imports increased 13% in 1962's first three quarters, the highest jump in twelve years, while exports rose only 6%.

Europe feels less need to buy U.S. hard goods now that its own boom is wheezing a bit. But Europe borrows heavily in the U.S. because its own capital markets have not developed as rapidly as its industries. U.S. policymakers are urging foreign financial leaders to do more borrowing at home, but without much success.

Still, the U.S. is making some progress toward long-run balance. The deficit caused by large military spending is down from the recent annual average of \$2.6 billion to \$1.7 billion—not so much because the U.S. is spending less overseas, but because it has induced West Germany to buy some \$600 million worth of its defense equipment in the U.S. In addition, about two-thirds of the U.S. foreign aid grants are now "tied" to a requirement that they be spent on U.S. goods. The di-



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rect investments of U.S. business abroad are down from \$1.6 billion in 1960 to \$1.2 billion this year, partly because of the signs of economic slowdown in Europe. Meanwhile, past investments abroad are beginning to pay off handsomely, with repatriated dividends and profits rising from \$2.8 billion in 1960 to \$3.6 billion this year. Also helping is the Treasury's determined drive to firm up short-term interest rates to slow the flight of capital into foreign lands where investments may be less secure but interest rates are more attractive.

Pushing the Limits. Encouraging as all this appears, these facts remain: there is a balance of payments gap, it has widened recently, and it is destined to widen further in the current quarter. European banks habitually build up their dollar accounts as "window dressing" for year-end bookkeeping, and this expands the U.S. deficit. Moreover, the U.S. has just about reached the limit in "tying" foreign aid funds to U.S. purchases, and it can hardly jack up interest rates much more during a period of economic sluggishness.

The real answer to the balance of payments in the end, says Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, falls on the foreign adventurism of the U.S. businessman. To close the payments gap, he says, "will take a substantial and accelerating increase in U.S. exports of goods and services."

PUBLIC POLICY

Claims Unlimited

The case was considered so important that the entire nine-man panel of the Second Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals sat in on it. The question: If a passenger dies in an airplane crash, can his beneficiaries collect only the maximum damage claims allowed by the state in which the accident happened? In a decision that will profoundly affect insurance companies and airlines, the court said no by a six-to-three vote.

Involved in the ruling was a Northeast Airlines Convair that left New York's La Guardia Airport on Aug. 15, 1958, crashed while approaching Nantucket Island, Mass., and killed 25. One New York passenger's widow, Mrs. John S. Pearson, sued Northeast in a New York court, won \$160,000. When the airline appealed, a three-judge federal panel upheld its claim that since the crash occurred in Massachusetts (where claims at the time were limited to \$15,000), the case should have been tried there. But the full court, in a rehearing, reversed the decision. Said U.S. Judge Irving R. Kaufman, speaking for the majority: "Modern conditions make it unjust and anomalous to subject the traveling citizen of this state to the varying laws of other states through which they move." Judge Kaufman observed that air travelers may within a few hours "pass through several commonwealths." They may fly over states they never intended to cross, be aboard a plane that falters over one state and crashes in another. "The place of injury," said he, "becomes entirely fortuitous."

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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Storming Another Barrier

In another bold and broad step toward unifying continental Europe's major economies, the Common Market Commission proposed last week that its six member nations scrap their jumble of business "turnover" taxes and adopt a single, coherent tax code.

All of the countries but France now levy a mind-boggling variety of taxes against their own manufactured goods every time they change hands in the production process. This works much in the favor of big, integrated companies, which handle everything from extracting the raw materials to making the final sale and are thus taxed only once. The turnover taxes also impede trade among the six Common Market members in a peculiar way. Each country grants its exporters a subsidy that is supposed to equal the turnover tax but is often higher; to make up for this, the Common Market permits its members to impose consumer taxes on imports. The end effect is to artificially pump up the price of imports.

Now the Common Market Commission wants all members to do it the French way. The French system does away with double and triple taxation by permitting manufacturer to deduct from his tax bill those taxes already levied on the materials he buys. Each finished product is effectively taxed only on its final value, at rates ranging from 6% to 25%. If everybody followed this system, there would be less excuse for fat export subsidies.

To smooth the way for its bold recommendation, the Common Market Commission proposes that changes come gradually. But the informed betting in Brussels is that the Common Market will make the first steps toward a unified business tax structure within the next year.

ITALY

Whither E.N.I.?

The death of Italian Oil Czar Enrico Mattei left the Italian government with the choice of dismembering the state-owned E.N.I. oil and gas monopoly that he ran as a personal fief, or choosing a tough successor to carry on Mattei's expansionary and controversial policies. Premier Amintore Fanfani last week did neither. To succeed Mattei as head of the "state within the state" Fanfani selected E.N.I.'s scholarly vice president, Professor Marcello Boldrini, a mere 72, and Mattei's lifelong loyal friend.

Boldrini predictably vowed to continue Mattei's policies, which involved buying huge shipments of oil from the Russians offering cut-rate competition for private Western oil majors for drilling and refining rights in Africa and Asia, and aggressively tightening E.N.I.'s grasp on the Italian economy through interests ranging from fertilizers to cement. But Boldrini is neither young nor dynamic and much prefers his off-time job as statistics professor at Rome University. He is being referred to as an "interim Pope."

Politics in the Oil. Because Mattei was a national hero, Fanfani had to give the appearance of preserving his policies. As usual, there was plenty of politics mixed in the oil. E.N.I. in its free-wheeling way is much admired by the Nenni Socialists, whose displeasure could bring down Fanfani's precariously balanced Cabinet. Many Italian politicians are beholden to E.N.I., which under Mattei practiced a deft and munificent nonpartisanship. E.N.I. was one of the largest contributors to Fanfani's Christian-Democratic Party, gave generously to other political parties, Italian politicians who could find time to write reports for E.N.I. or give lectures to its officials were well paid. The man who handled many of E.N.I.'s parliamentary "contacts" was Boldrini.

Considering Boldrini's age, Italians are already speculating on his successor. The morning line favors Eugenio Cefis, 42, who moved up to Boldrini's vice presidency last week. Cefis (pronounced Cheh-feece) met Mattei in the anti-Nazi resistance after the collapse of Mussolini and stayed on to help Mattei negotiate many of E.N.I.'s oil prospecting deals.

Signs of Softening. Whoever becomes E.N.I.'s long-term chief, it is unlikely that he will command Mattei's absolute powers. Studies by other oilmen find that E.N.I. is heavily in debt and depends on long-term loans for two-thirds of the total capital invested in its operations, 7, the 8.4% average for private oil companies. E.N.I. reportedly earns only 1.6% on this capital, while private oil companies return 12% on the average.

There are ironic indications that Mattei himself, the self-proclaimed "scurge of the seven major international oil companies," was moderating his approach just

before his death. He had reached tentative agreement with his bitterest enemy among the oil majors—Jersey Standard—to end a tangled year-old court fight over a refinery in Bari they have been trying to operate jointly. Some oilmen believe that the deal might have included sale of Esso crude to Mattei at prices low enough to cut out the Soviets. In any case, E.N.I. very likely must find another large source of oil by 1968. The Common Market has agreed that by then the international trade policies of its six members will be determined by a majority rule among them. And the other five are solidly against large dependence on Soviet-bloc oil imports.

BRITAIN

BOAC Flies Low

Embarrassed by having to report to British taxpayers on the profitless splutterings of British Overseas Airways Corp., its chairman, Sir Matthew Slattery, a retired admiral, exploded like the old salt he is: "I have taken the opportunity of my first full year as chairman of the corporation to point out that I think its financial structure and the way it's expected to operate is just bloody crazy."

Among the bloody crazy things that rile Sir Matthew is that nationalized BOAC, which lost \$40 million last year, has to pay \$11 million a year interest to the government on an accumulated debt of \$181 million. Sir Matthew tartly challenges British government policy that Crown corporations such as BOAC should be run like private companies and held accountable as to capital and interest. He argues that BOAC, the third largest of the transatlantic carriers, should be free to write off its entire debt.

After Pan Am and TWA



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Last week Sir Matthew's anguished plea was coldly rejected. Aviation Minister Julian Amery rose in Commons to introduce a bill increasing BOAC's borrowing power by another \$90 million and providing additional capital of \$28 million for the other government-owned line, British European Airways, which after seven profitable years is dipping into the red.

Amery not only knuckle-rapped Slatery for his remarks, but said that the government has ordered an independent investigation of BOAC's management policies and prospects, with the possible idea of merging BOAC and BEA. Though BOAC has paid some \$98 million in interest since 1952, Amery pointed out that the company would still have a \$90 million debt even if the government had advanced its capital interest-free.

BOAC's losses stem largely from its decision to buy British aircraft. In 1955, it ordered a fleet of sleek, new Comet-4 long-range pure jets and, after delivery in 1958, saw them made obsolete within a year by more economical, longer-range U.S. Boeing 707s. Now BOAC has 16 Boeing 707s; but it is stuck with 60 prop planes, propjets and Comets, whose value, according to the last BOAC annual report, is "£30 million less than book value."

Says Sir Matthew: "The extent to which the corporation can be strictly economic without regard to national, social and other considerations is a matter that will have to be discussed with Her Majesty's government." But Her Majesty's government does not seem to be listening.

The Public Bookie

Since the 1960 Betting and Gaming Act legalized off-track betting in Britain, every day is Derby Day for Britain's multitudinous gamblers. With wagering booming to \$56 million a week, few have won more than Bookmaker Mark Lane, 45, who took his first bets in a shipboard pool as a World War II Tommy. When the shooting stopped, Lane set up as a bookmaker to take track bets on credit in London's East End. Since then, he has opened 16 bet shops, plans to start four more. Seeking expansion capital, Lane last week became the first British bookmaker to go public as he offered 200,000 shares on the London market at 34¢ each. Eager investors rushed to take yet another "flutter" with Mark Lane, and by week's end they had pushed the share price up to \$1.03.

ASIA

Big Brothers

Seldom has Hong Kong's business been better. Big hotels such as the fustily genteel Peninsula and Repulse Bay are packed with tourists. The repair yards of the Hong Kong & Whampoa Dock Co. hum with ships coming and going. Passengers crowd the Star Ferry Co. boats and the Peak Tramways' cable cars, which provide the most spectacular ride rides in the world. China Light & Power Co. is



HORACE KADOORIE & PEASANTS



LAWRENCE KADOORIE & CARPETMAKERS
Hong Kong suits them.

adding four 60-megawatt turbines at a total cost of \$34 million.

This bustle brings a special glow to a remarkable pair of brothers named Lawrence and Horace Kadoorie, for they control all those profitable enterprises, as well as 30 others. With a personal worth of \$30 million and yearly dividend earnings estimated at \$2,000,000, the Kadoories, rather than the wealthy Chinese in the colony, are the richest businessmen in Hong Kong.

Cheaper Than Concubines. The brothers work in rare tandem. They share a joint bank account, have adjacent offices at Sir Ely Kadoorie & Sons, Ltd., which is named after their late father, an Iraqi Jew who became a naturalized British subject, went to Hong Kong in 1880 and carved out a fortune in land, rubber, banking and insurance. Together, the brothers sit on the boards of 36 major companies. Restless, sophisticated Lawrence Kadoorie, 63, has also been on several government administrative boards, pays particular attention to the power company, the biggest Kadoorie investment. He collects ancient Chinese art works because "it gives me a sense of calmness," and dotes on sports cars because "they're cheaper than race horses or concubines." Horace Kadoorie, 60, a nervous bachelor, oversees the brothers' philanthropies and is involved in "trams, ferries, wharfs and rubber plantations—but I'm not very much interested in business."

Horace likes to tool his air-conditioned Jaguar through refugee villages, passing out money and practicing his broken Chinese. Since 1951, the Kadoories have disbursed almost \$3,000,000 in noninterest loans and gifts for refugee aid, roads, bridges and canals in villages hard against Red China. Their work with refugees—for which the brothers won Southeast Asia's prestigious 1962 Ramon Magsaysay Award for Public Service—is considered enlightened self-interest by the Kadoories, on the ground that business in Hong Kong prospers only if the colony is well fed and politically stable. The brothers have also taken a lead in establishing new

industries in labor-surfeited Hong Kong. They helped Refugee Cotton Magnate Y. C. Wong get started, and they were among the founders of the five-year-old Hong Kong Carpet Manufacturing Co., whose customers include New York's Nelson Rockefeller and the royal families of Britain, Thailand and Ethiopia.

Adhere & Prosper. Some businessmen grumble that the brothers have not pioneered enough, have merely expanded the rich empire that Sir Ely Kadoorie built. China Light & Power is also under fire for raising rates (and profits) above those of competing Hong Kong Electric. Under government pressure, China Light agreed last week to merge with smaller Hong Kong Electric. The brothers are determined to hold control of the new giant.

The Kadoories smile away all criticism. Says Brother Lawrence: "We've grown with Hong Kong, and we consider ourselves Hong Kongers first. Britishers second. We intend to remain here." Carrying on the family credo, which is "Adhere and Prosper," Lawrence's only son, Michael, 21, is training at a bank in Britain, will go home soon to pick up third-generation supervision.

WEST GERMANY

Labor's Right Turn

West Germany's 6,400,000-member Trade Union Federation has made a turn toward the right with the election of free-enterprising Ludwig Rosenberg, 59, as chairman. Unlike his up-from-the-factory colleagues, Rosenberg is a lifelong white-collar worker who became a union organizer more out of intellectual conviction than economic necessity. fled the Third Reich in 1933 and later helped the British Ministry of Labor find wartime jobs for thousands of refugees from Hitler. Returning to Germany, he concluded that free competition would best invigorate the West German economy, became foreign affairs chief of the union federation. One of the top-ranking of the surviving Jews in Germany, Rosenberg won out over old-line Marxists in the union.

High.



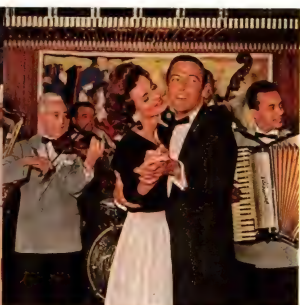
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Italian Line

CINEMA

Wholesome Williams

Period of Adjustment. In 1960, with the sly delight of a cannibal devouring a cookie, Shock Merchant Tennessee Williams shocked everyone by writing a play about normal people. Well, almost normal. His hero, though wholesomely heterosexual, is scared sick of sex. In the film the poor boy (Jim Hutton) gets crocked on his wedding night to give himself courage, bellows at his bride (Jane Fonda) like a bull ("Take yer clothes off or I'll rip 'em off!"), then passes out meekly on the nearest sofa.

Next day Jane and Jim arrive at the house of Jim's best friend (Tony Franciosa), "Don't worry," the friend burlles with heavy condescension, "you're just going through a period of adjustment." But so is he. After six years of unholy deadlock, his wife (Lois Nettleton) has just taken their four-year-old son and run home to mother—it seems she found out that he married her for her money. In any other drama by Williams, the men would probably have wound up watching the women barbecue the little boy. But this time the playwright is aglow with *bourgeois de vivre*, and at the fade everybody enthusiastically ends up in the right beds.

As a marriage counselor, Williams is somewhat less than convincing, but as a carpenter of situation comedy he knows his trade—and so does Director George Roy Hill. Furthermore, the film is favored with the fine young foolishness of Hutton and Fonda, and with one brutal bit of Williams whimsy, interpolated by scenarist Isobel Lennart, that catches in a phrase the horror of filial relations in a Spock-marked generation. Only once in the entire film does the father speak in a soothing, amiable tone of voice to his son. "Hello, son," he says. The little boy flinches, glances about guiltily, and then in querulous confusion replies: "I'm not hitting my nails."

Momma

Gypsy. "Hold yer hats an' hallelujah!" the burlesques tune to bellow. "Momma's gonna show it to ya!" Momma in the present instance is Rosalind Russell, and at 55 all she's showing is talent—but hallelujah! The old girl rips, roars, romps, rumples and rollicks through this raucous musical like Woody the Woodpecker's wife.

Based on the Broadway boff that was based on the autobiography of Gypsy Rose Lee, the film affects to explain how a nice little girl from Seattle grew up to be the genius of grind. The explanation is Momma. As Roz portrays her, Momma Hovick is the matriarchetype of the stage mother, an all-too-human dynamo who sees in her daughters, big clumsy Louise (Natalie Wood) and talented little June (Ann Jiliann), a second chance at fame.

Busting with ambition, she whips up a kiddie act and takes it hooting and hol-

lering around the vaudeville circuits. Never mind if the kids miss long division—just so they can count the house. Never mind if there's only one bed—mother's little darlings can sleep on the floor. Suppose the old Marmon does break down? Burn it up and collect the insurance. Suppose the family does need winter coats? Cut up a couple of hotel blankets. And when the hotel manager comes to inspect his property, knock him down on the nearest mattress and as loud as possible cry: wOLF!

Suddenly the bottom falls out of Momma's act. Baby June, aged 13, runs away



NATALIE WOOD IN "GYPSY"
She can hardly fill the billing.

and launches an independent career as June Havoc. Indomitably, Momma decides to make a star out of Louise. Unhappily, the girl has no talent. But she has a body, and Momma soon finds a way to make it famous.

Though Actress Wood is everything anybody could ask (5 ft. 2 in., 98 lbs.) of a cute little trick, she can hardly fill the billing (5 ft. 9½ in., 130 lbs.) of the lusty, busty broad who was known as "The Gene Tunney of burlesque." But thanks to Director Mervyn LeRoy, the show itself is remarkably well-built—big and brassy, loud and fast. As for Actress Russell, she defies description. Roz is a Roz is a Roz is a Roz.

A Man Without a Woman

Il Grido is the rough draft of a masterpiece. In it Michelangelo Antonioni mines and examines the material that he later elaborated in *L'Avventura*, his sublime lament for the living dead.

The story is set in the Po Valley. As it begins, a factory hand (Steve Cochran)

is jilted by his mistress (Alida Valli), who goes to another man. Stunned and unmanned, the hero runs without really knowing where he is going, runs with the Po as it runs downhill to the sea. On the way he meets three women: one from the town (Betsy Blair), one from the country (Dorian Gray), one from the brothel (Lyn Shaw). They all love him, but he cannot love them in return. He loves only the woman who left him. Desperate, he turns back to her, turns back against the flow of the river, turns back against the current of his life. When he finds his mistress he finds her changed. She has a new baby, a new life; he has nothing. Wearily he climbs the tower of the factory where once he worked, climbs to the height of his achievement as a man—and drops to his death.

Technically, the film is not impressive. The views of the Po Valley, wide and still and parqueted with poplars, silver the screen like scenes from the hand of Ruisdael; but the script is often awkward and the acting consistently crude. Yet the picture is a moving experience. *Il Grido* means The Cry, and the cry comes from the heart. With it, Antonioni opens the aorta of his talent and releases the cold grey mainstream of his feeling, the chilling theme of all his art: that modern man has somehow lost the meaning of his life, that God alone knows when he will find it again, and that God may not exist.

Script by Chekhov

The Lady with the Dog is a Russian movie that tells a story by Anton Chekhov and tells it simply and clearly from start to finish.

Dimitri, summering at Yalta, meets Anna, a sad-faced beauty who promenades every day along the quay with her little white spitz. Ralph, Dimitri has a wife, a pince-nez intellectual, back in Moscow; Anna's husband is a foppish flunky in Saratov. As they become friends and lovers, Anna's unhappiness and self-recrimination grow stronger; Dimitri at length returns to Moscow to face the winter and his wife's domineering. Then, aboard a tram one day, he sees a little white dog go scampering through the snowy streets...

Realizing that he must see Anna, Dimitri travels to Saratov and meets her at the opera furtively between the acts. She promises to come to Moscow to see him. Their encounters thereafter, in her drab hotel room, are filled with the sadness of the fate that brought them together too late. "We are like two migrating birds," says Anna, "caught and put into separate cages."

The bittersweet mood of boredom (in every scene a clock seems to be ticking) is classically Chekhovian. The actors—Alexei Batalov and Ilya Savvina—are at once wholly natural and wholly professional, and Director Josef Heifitz' black-and-white camera work, while academic, manages magically to evoke the torpid heat of Yalta, the snowy chill of Moscow. And nowhere in the film is there a foot of propaganda—either for home consumption or for foreign eyes.

BOOKS

The Occasional Victory

TALE FOR THE MIRROR (307 pp.)—*Hortense Calisher*—Little, Brown (\$5.50).

The short story is surely the most intractable of prose forms. Few authors can write one well; yet anything less than brilliance is worthless. A mediocre novel can at least be a tolerable companion; a mediocre short story is merely a bore. But a writer who masters the form hears only the faintest of applause; his publisher wants to know when he is going to turn out a novel. Collections of short stories once helped launch such writers as Hemingway and Katherine Anne Porter, but these days short stories are worth little in royalties and less in prestige. Irwin Shaw, for instance, is known less as one of the country's best short-story writers than as one of its least distinguished novelists.

Despite all this, master short storyists continue to appear, just as stubborn young acrobats continue to teach themselves to ride the unicycle. Hortense Calisher, a 50-year-old Manhattan mother of two, is one of the masters. Precision and imagination have one of their rare conjunctions in her work. The precision is of language. The face of a British lady journalist "had never seen mascara perhaps but, in a quietly topographical way it had seen almost everything else"; a pale, 40-year-old lawyer is a member of a generation "that had been schooled so tonelessly free of prejudices that it had nothing left with which to anneal its convictions." Only rarely is there a flawed word, erring on the side of fancied precision; Miss Calisher is the sort who might say, for instance, "percipient" instead of "perceptive."

The author's fine imagination is for people. Her characters, the reader feels with

approval, are thought up, not noted down. Her menagerie is too various to be a mere assemblage from the parts-bin of relatives' ties and friends' twitches. The best of her originals are members of the remarkable Minot family (*Mrs. Fay Dines on Zebra*) a Hudson River clan that has subsisted for 200 years on no income at all. The Minots live by dining out, and walk safely the precarious line between guesthood and sycophancy by balancing good fellowship with mordant truth telling. For an author who does not resort to burlesque, this is not an easy notion to bring off, but Author Calisher does it delightfully. She ticks off the guestly ability of each Minot forebear, and then gets down to the problem of the current Minot, a moneyless widow who, in an age when the great houses are closing, mortally fears that she will be reduced to taking a position as secretary to a grim old hidalgo.

What is startling about this story (and several others) is that it is about a victory. Most short stories are about defeats. This may be because men's defeats outnumber their victories, or because writers are afraid of wives and waiters, or merely because defeats are lonely and short stories must be limited to a few characters. Some of the author's realizations are sad, but some are not, and the uncertainty is welcome.

Madame la Serpente

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S NIGHT (285 pp.)—*Philippe Erlanger*—Pantheon (\$5).

It is so horrifying that a large basketful of babies should have been dumped in the Seine that perhaps it can be no more horrifying that this was done in the name of God. Yet religious massacres always trouble history's onlookers; the intensity of their revulsion is matched only by the enthusiasm of the participants.

St. Bartholomew's Night is an account of the August madness in 1572, when a confluence of chance, state policy and the religious hatreds of the Reformation caused the murder of at least 2,000, and perhaps as many as 100,000, Protestants. The book has its flaws. Author Erlanger, a French historian, has an extraordinary talent for making the complicated seem complicated, and too often the names he cites remain simply names. But his treatment is more thoughtful than is customary in day-it-happened books. The reader must be willing to work; if he is, he is well enough rewarded.

Machiavelli's Pupil. Erlanger makes it clear that 16th century behavior must not be cut to fit 20th century motives. In particular he observes that separation of church and state was not an unpopular idea in the 16th century; it was not an idea at all, and a ruler to whom it had been expressed would have found it incomprehensible.

The book's villainess-heroine is Catherine de' Medici. A stumpy Italian woman who had been married at 14 to the man



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI
A murderess in God's name.

who was to be Francis II of France, she had studied under Machiavelli and learned her lessons well. The women of the French court thought her middle class, but ambassadors to the Louvre knew where the power lay. After her husband's death in 1559, Catherine ruled France for 30 years while a succession of three weak sons occupied the throne.

Catholic Spain was the dominant power in Europe, and the fact that Spain's Philip II was Catherine's son-in-law did not prevent him from being an ominous potential enemy. Between Philip and England's Elizabeth, the most powerful Protestant ruler, Catherine ran an erratic but coolly steered course. Like a skilled chess player who knows that an immediate decision will ruin him, she sought complications, talked away several years seeking a ridiculous marriage between the middle-aged Elizabeth and her degenerate son.

Anatomy of Power. But in 1572 the balance of confusion at last tipped toward a resolution—or so it seemed. France's most influential Protestant was Admiral Gaspard Coligny, a military hero and a onetime condemned traitor (in Catherine's vacillating France, it was easy to be both). Coligny demanded an immediate war with the Catholic Philip, and at the moment had the ear of Catherine's moody, weakbrained son, King Charles IX.

To Catherine, it seemed easier to assassinate Coligny than to reason with him. But just as the official murderer discharged his arquebus at Coligny, the Protestant leader bent to adjust a shoe. Admiral Coligny was merely wounded. Later one autumn afternoon, Catherine gathered her closest counselors in the Tuilleries Gardens. With the Protestants aroused and Coligny still dangerous, she abruptly decided that the solution was a slaughter of the most important Protestant leaders.

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slaughter became general. The populace killed more than the soldiers; shop owners got rid of commercial rivals; children slaughtered children. For five days, as a popular song of the time was to put it, "Men's bodies, women's bodies, were hurled in the terrible fury down into the river, to carry the news as far as Rouen with never a boat." From a window in the Louvre, King Charles avidly took target practice at bodies floating past in the Seine.

The massacre was seen throughout the courts of Europe not as a bungled execution that got out of hand, but as an exemplary show of royal authority. Thus embellished in reputation, Catherine was able to get her son Henry elected King of Poland (he became King of France the next year). She lived on for years, successfully seeking complications, and perhaps taking pride in the nickname given her by the ambassadors she outwitted: "Madame la Serpente."

In & Out the Window

THE MARRIED LAND (412 pp.)—Charles G. Bell—Houghton Mifflin (\$5.95).

The severest test of the novel reader is not the interior-decorating lady author whose every point is *petit*; nor is it the literary bedroom peeper of the huff-puff-periphrasis school ("Metaphor pounded at his temples and his heart swelled with simile"). The most egregious trier of patience is, surely, the Author Who Has Read Proust. He will send his hero into the kitchen to mix a drink, say, but sure as *Remembrance of Things Past* comes in seven volumes, the ice tray will remind the hero of another, earlier ice tray, half-shrouded in the mists of memory, and it will be 40 pages before the reader gets his vicarious taste of Scotch.

Novelist Bell writes this way, and it must have seemed to him that the technique was ideally suited to his scheme: which was to portray a marriage as the turbulent confluence of two mighty streams of lineage. Daniel (Southern painter, battler with Furies) and Lucy (descendant of Philadelphians, Quaker placid repository of honor) have been married for several years when family duty demands a temporary separation. He flies to Mississippi to straighten out the affairs of a dotty aunt; she travels to the bedside of a stern Quaker uncle. The distance between husband and wife and their return to their beginnings quicken the webbed roots of memory. Recollection exfoliates last, over the distance, the leaves touch.

At last, that is what the leaves are supposed to do. But very soon the reader is lost in the flickering, apparently patternless shift of focus from decade to decade: family to family, nephew to third cousin to great-great-grand aunt.

Family legends are well told; Daniel's aunt, almost blind, terrorizes the home-folks by veering around town in her Studebaker, and lectures severely all cops who stop her; one of Lucy's Quaker forebears was renowned for advising a burglar,



CHARLES G. BELL

Like a boy exploring a vacant mansion.

"Friend, I am going to shoot right where thee is standing." The author's charged, highly colored prose is almost always impressive, but occasionally it slips over into italics and suggests Robert Penn Warren at less than his best.

The book has its strengths; Bell has a powerful sense of dynasty and a mystic's attraction to the land. The irony of his failure is that the more he tries to express the interconnectedness of all the land and all the dynasties, the more the reader rebels. It may be true, as Thomas Wolfe believed, that "every moment is a window on all time," but Bell crawls in and out these windows with the objectless glee of a boy exploring a vacant mansion.

The Flight that Failed

THE UNINVITED ENVOY (249 pp.)—James Leasor—McGraw-Hill (\$5.95).

He is nearly 70 now—a dark, brooding, badger-faced man living in near-total oblivion in the enormous stone pile that is Spandau prison. But in May 1941, when Rudolf Hess suddenly landed in a cow pasture in Scotland and asked to see the Duke of Hamilton, the Deputy Führer of the Third Reich was full of high hope.

At a time when German armies, already masters of Europe and most of North Africa, stood poised for a thrust into Russia, Hess brought an offer of peace. Hitler, he said, would guarantee the integrity of the British Empire if England would recognize Germany's dominance in Europe. Drawing for the first time on all the old and new information about Hess's strange, ill-fated mission, Journalist-Historian James Leasor (*The Red Fort, The Plague and the Fire*) has produced an absorbing footnote to history.

Painstakingly the author follows Hess through every stage of his secret preparation. As an ex-World War I pilot and the No. 3 man in Nazi Germany, Hess easily



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managed to finagle the use for "practice flights" of an experimental Messerschmidt 110 with extra gas tanks. Aides surreptitiously collected weather charts. Though Leasor's attempt to weld such details into a tale of step-by-step suspense is not entirely successful, his account has some touching vignettes of Hess—playing with his four-year-old son for the last time; standing uncertainly in the door of his wife's room on the day of the flight, unable to confide his secret, but wearing as a covert gesture of affectionate farewell, a blue shirt that she had given him and that he hated. Ironically, one of the most dramatic chapters concerns not Hess but his faithful aide Major Karlheinz Pintsch. Assigned by Hess to break the news to Hitler, Pintsch journeyed appre-



RUDOLPH HESS, JUST BEFORE FLIGHT
A dream that turned into a footnote.

hensively to Berchtesgaden, his romantic belief in the heroic flight dwindling as he neared the Führer's presence. Hitler invited him to lunch, had him arrested after the dessert.

Sane but Psychotic. Was Hess mad? Was his mission an insane gamble? Author Leasor thinks not. He does not gloss over any of Hess's strange behavior (Hess once had magnets fixed around his bed to draw harmful influences from his body). But like the panel of psychiatrists who found Hess "psychotic but sane" before the Nürnberg trials (where Hess got a life sentence as a Nazi war criminal), Leasor sees Hess as an unbalanced man obsessed by a childish—and thoroughly Germanic—dream of performing one great convulsive act of patriotism.

His plan was reasonable enough. Hitler did want peace with England. Earlier efforts to draw Churchill into negotiations had failed. The Führer probably knew what Hess was up to, Leasor theorizes, and tacitly permitted it, carefully avoiding



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precise knowledge of the details to keep himself from implication if the mission failed. When it did fail, he followed the advice Hess left him in a parting letter and declared that Hess was the victim of "hallucinations." Moreover, in the spring of 1941, Leason asserts, England was nearer to capitulation "than anyone now likes to admit." Winston Churchill was so afraid of the effect the peace offer might have on British morale that his representatives came to interview Hess disguised as psychiatrists, so that no word of continued government interest could possibly leak out.

Lebensraum with a View. Haunting Hess's mind was a compulsive fear and hatred of Communist Russia. For years Hess was under the spell of Professor Karl Haushofer, the geopolitical genius of Nazism who provided Hitler with his slogan of *Lebensraum* as a pretext for aggression. Hitler was parroting Haushofer when, in *Mein Kampf*, he wrote of the absolute need to avoid war on two fronts. But the success of the German armies intoxicated him, and he became more and more intent on attacking Russia. In the months before the flight, Haushofer kept telling the impressionable Hess that he and he alone could save the impetuous Hitler and Germany by bringing about a peace with England.

The idea of an Anglo-German alliance against Russia, which at the time was officially regarded in the West as a monstrous form of near madness, was taken with deadly seriousness by the Soviet Union. One of the fascinating sidelights of the book, in fact, is its documentation of the persistence of Russia's interest in the Hess mission, long after the Allies had brushed it aside. Stalin continually quizzed Churchill about Hess. In 1944, when the Russian armies captured Hess's luckless aide Major Pintsch, who had been released from Nazi prison in order to fight them, they systematically tortured him, breaking one finger a day for ten days, to find out what he knew.

Eton Choler

THE FOURTH OF JUNE (208 pp.)—Do vid Benedictus-Dutton (\$3.95).

"Boys," a famous headmaster of Eton once remarked, "you must be pure in heart, for if not, I will thrash you till you are." For centuries, guided by such rough-and-ready principals, Eton turned out 19 Prime Ministers, hundreds of British M.P.s, and presumably won the battle of Waterloo on its playing fields. But in this querulous century, in novels and memoirs, such latter-day Etonians as Osbert Sitwell, Aldous Huxley, Cyril Connolly and George Orwell have all looked back in irony or outrage at the cult of games, the bullying and beatings, the high premium placed by school authorities on well-organized mediocrity.

Partisan Aim. The latest old Etonian to call public attention to the soup stains on the old school tie is 24-year-old David Benedictus. Brought out in England last June to coincide with the date of the



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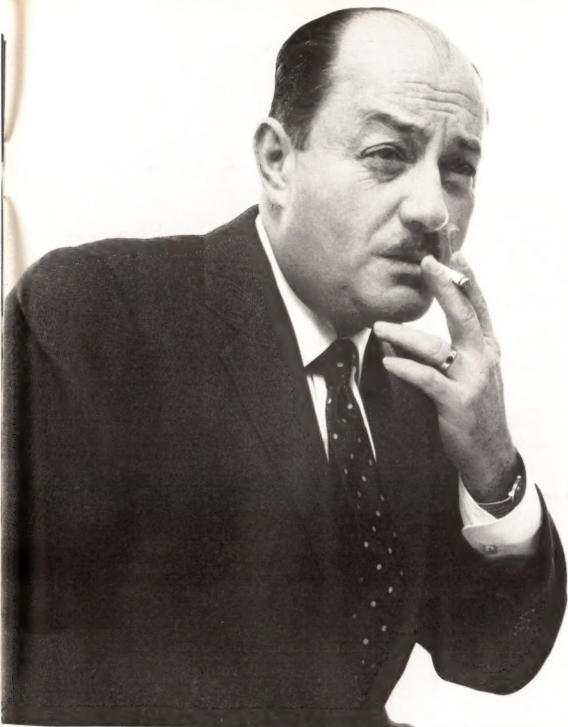
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school's fanciest annual party (from which it takes its title), the book caused a small but predictable stir. Liberal reviewers used it to launch an impassioned appeal for school reform. Conservative critics, many of them older Etonians than the author, shrilly denounced him (as sensationalism). They were offended by an incident in which a student sells his handsome younger brother to the rowing eight, and objected to Benedictus' portrayal of the bishop as a voyeur.

Now published in the U.S., the book proves itself more than a kind of private school *Peyton Place*. Benedictus' obviously partisan aim is to indict the Eton system for destroying a poor boy named Scarfe because, as a plebeian farmer's son brought to the school in a "democratic" experiment, he cannot conform to it socially, and for corrupting a rich boy



BENEDICTUS (AT ETON PARTY)
Soup stains on the old school tie.

named Phillips by giving him no socially acceptable choice except conformity.

Cheeky Urge. Benedictus deftly draws these two crucial characters with scrupulous shading. No misunderstood paragon, Scarfe is a self-pitying, physically ungraceful, volubly religious boy destined for hazing in any school. Thoughtful and sensitive by nature, Phillips nevertheless wants to be accepted at school. Eventually he is elected to the house "library," a group of senior students who dispense discipline, including canings, to the others. When Scarfe comes up for caning, Phillips disapproves privately but does not protest. And as the caning goes on, he makes an appalling discovery about himself. "He found himself pressing his knees together in excitement . . . He was sure that they all had hopes, as he had, that Scarfe would cry out."

Especially in describing ancillary incidents and fringe characters, the author cannot repress a cheeky schoolboy's urge to shock the grownups. He succeeds.

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